Missionary Scenes in Many Lands.

By

Edward Barrass,

M. A.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY

OF THE

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An Abyssinian Tailor.

MISSIONARY SCENES

IN

MANY LANDS.

BY

EDWARD BARRASS, M.A.,

Author of "Smiles and Tears," "Gallery of Distinguished Men," etc.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is a compilation which it is hoped may be useful, especially to the young people of Methodism in Canada.

The article on NEW ZEALAND was first written by the author for *Earnest Christianity*. The materials for the other articles have been gathered from various sources, and the author acknowledges his indebtedness especially to his esteemed friend, the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C.; Dr. Fitzgerald, *Christian Advocate*, Nashville, U.S.; Rev. William Moister's *History of Wesleyan Missions;* the *Missionary Review*, published at Princeton, N.J.; and the *Chautauquan*.

Hoping that the book may fan the Missionary flame, is the prayer of the writer.

E. B.

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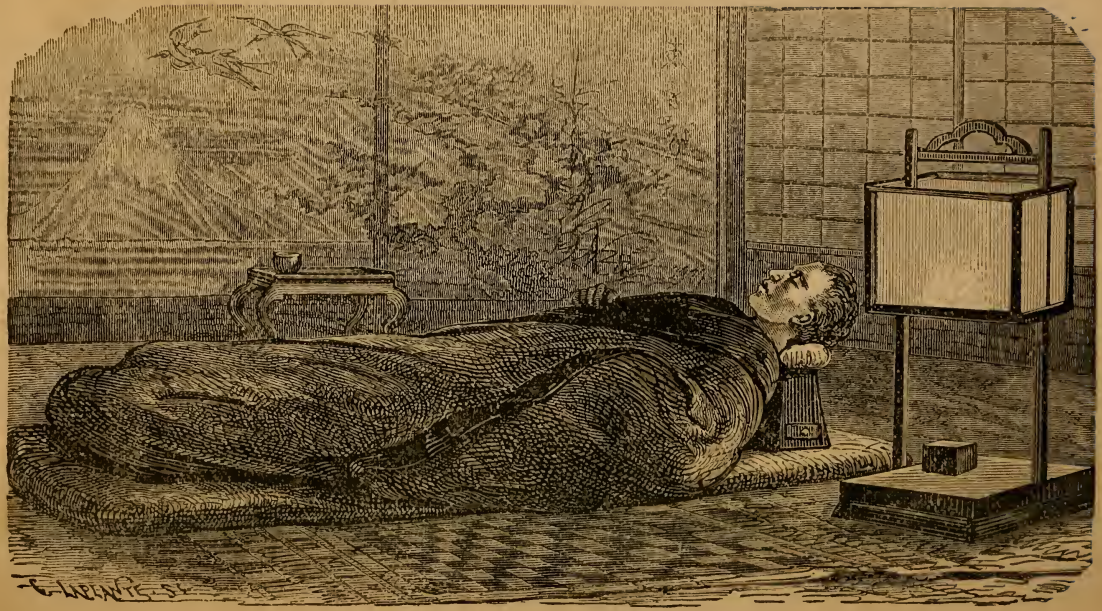


Sleeping in Japan.

CHAPTER I.

JAPAN.

WE presume that all our readers will feel deep interest in the Methodist mission in Japan—"the Empire of the Rising Sun." It is really the only mission as yet established among the heathen abroad by "the Methodist Church." It will be remembered how that in June, 1873, Drs. Cochran and Macdonald were sent as the pioneer missionaries from Canada to Japan. Since that time the Revs. Dr. Meacham and C. S. Eby, M.A., have joined them. Miss Cartmell has also been sent thither by the "Women's Missionary Society." Dr. Cochran, after a sojourn of five years in Canada, has again returned to the Japan mission, with a further reinforcement of missionary laborers. This time, however, he is to establish a seat of learning in the city of Tokio, so

that by reason of the education imparted, and the evangelistic labors of those who will go forth as evangelists, great inroads will be made upon the kingdom of darkness in that distant land.

Our readers will see from what follows, what great need there is for the gospel to be preached to the people who dwell in Japan, and we are glad to state that no heathen idolaters ever visited by the heralds of salvation, have manifested a greater eagerness to become acquainted with "the religion of the West," which is certainly a delightful omen, leading us to hope that soon the joyful tidings will be communicated to the Churches, that the Japanese have given their idols to the moles and the bats, and are now worshipping the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent to be the Saviour of the world.

We may first say something about

THE PEOPLE.

A distinguished writer says that "Japan is the paradise of babies. Nowhere else are the toys and games of children so numerous and diverting. In these games, too, children of a larger growth, even adult men and women, take an active part. The toy-shops of the cities look like a perpetual Christmas fair.

The Feast of Dolls is a high day with the girls. For many days before, the toy-shops are gay with elaborately constructed dolls, from four to twelve inches high, made of wood or enamelled clay. They represent the Mikado, and the nobles with their families, court personages, elegant furniture and the like, with which the girls mimic the whole round of Japanese life.

"The great day for the boys is the 'Feast of Flags.' Their toys are figures of heroes, warriors, flags, banners, and warlike implements and weapons. In general their games may seem to be natural, sensible, and in every way beneficial. Their immediate or remote effect, next to that of amusement, is either educational or hygienic. Some teach history, some geography, some excellent sentiments or good language, or inculcate reverence to parents, or stimulate the manly virtues of courage and contempt for pain.

"Extreme kindness to animals is also an amiable trait of Japanese character. A *jinrikisha* puller will make a detour out of his way around a dog or fowl rather than run the risk of injuring the lazy animal. The Buddhist doctrine of transmigration of souls through brute creatures has much to do with this tenderness."

Out for a Walk.

MARRIAGE IN JAPAN.

Here is a description of a marriage scene:—

"Marriages in Japan, as a rule, take place early in life—twenty for the man, and sixteen for the lady, being considered proper ages. There are very few marriages of affection, most of them being arranged by the parents without consulting the young people. None but relations or very intimate friends are invited to the wedding ceremony.

"One very strange custom connected with marriage is, that a wife blackens her teeth and plucks out or shaves off her eyebrows in evidence of her fidelity to her husband. Brides in the upper ranks of life usually go through the former operation before they leave their ancestral homes, the latter being performed shortly after the nuptial ceremony.

"The bridegroom's abode is the scene of the festivities. Here the wedding presents are sent; here the wedding breakfast is held, to which at noon the bride, dressed in white, is escorted by her parents and bridesmaids. The most important part of the marriage ceremony, and that which, according to Japanese law makes the parties man and wife, is the drinking of wine alternately from a metal vase, shaped like a basin. This is the symbol that both husband and

wife will drink always from the cup of prosperity or adversity together.

"In Japan there is no privacy in the honeymoon. The newly married pair are not allowed to depart to any quiet retreat, and there enjoy their newly found bliss in peace before entering upon the prosaic pursuits of their future life. On the contrary, they remain at home, and are constantly visited by their friends and relatives, whom they are required by inexorable custom to visit in their turn; and they have, further, to go through a tedious and troublesome round of family festivities, where eating native dainties and drinking *saki* (the native whiskey), or wine, are the order of the day."

THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN.

The two great religions of Japan are Shintooism and Buddhism. The former is ancestral worship, and sacrifice to departed heroes. The number of deities is enormous, but their devotees have very obscure ideas about the future life. Their great end is to enjoy happiness on earth. The popular religion is that of Buddha. In 1869 there were 168,000 priests, and a vast number of temples and monasteries, engaged in the service of Buddha. Many of the temples are spacious structures—some will contain five thousand persons.

REFECTORY OF A BUDDHIST MONASTERY.

A PRAYING MACHINE.

Praying machines are very common in the Orient. These strange instruments are usually made of brass, but in some cases among the higher order of Lamas or priests they are of gold, and enriched with precious stones. The handle passes up through the cylinder, and forms the spindle round which it revolves; only a very slight action of the hand is necessary to make it turn. The whole of the interior of the cylinder is filled with papers or cloth closely printed with the prayer, and the letters on the outside have the same meaning as those inside. Such machines are constantly used by the Lamas in the service of the temples. Indeed, at all times there is a merit in whirling them, so that they may be seen in the hands of the owner in his walk through the villages when engaged in the ordinary affairs of daily life.

The wheel is always turned in one way. They believe, it is said, that if turned in the other direction it undoes all the good that was gained by turning it in the first direction. They are, therefore, very unwilling to sell their wheels to strangers, lest they might turn them the wrong way.

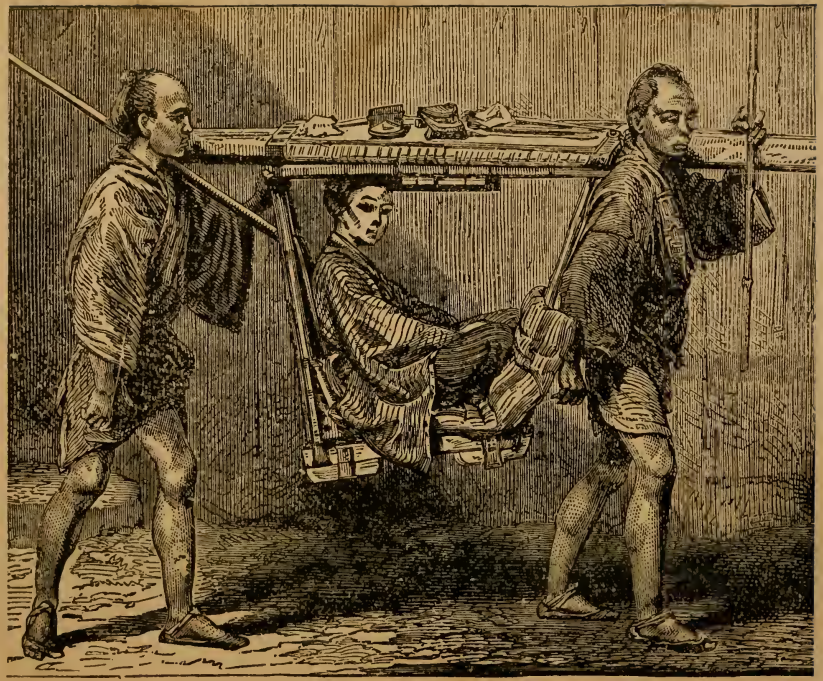
In some of the villages there are cylinders about two feet in height, stationed in a conspicuous place, so

that the people, when they pass, may give them a turn by a push with the hand.

The temples or monasteries contain very large praying machines, which are kept revolving by the priests or monks. This traveller also saw some of these cylinders placed in small buildings erected over streams, and turned by the water, so as to save the people the trouble of keeping them going. He says: "A few yards below the wheel there was a place arranged for the villagers to fill their vessels with water. It was, as it were, the village well, and the women might be seen in groups at night, seemingly as in other parts of the world, busy with gossip. Though only a supposition on my part, it appeared to me as not without intention that the people get their water after it had performed the meritorious act of turning the precious wheel of Buddha."

A WONDERFUL IMAGE IN JAPAN.

At about two hours' ride on horseback from Yeddo is the site of an ancient capital of Japan, Kamakura. All that remains of a city, which must have been one of great magnificence, is a cluster of large temples in which are preserved numerous trophies taken from the Coreans, Mongols, and Chinese, and also articles



Travelling in Japan.

taken two hundred years ago from the Portuguese colonies, and the Roman Catholic Christians in Japan. No foreigner is permitted to enter these temples, or get a sight of any of the relics. A few years ago it was very dangerous to view the temples even from the outside. It was near to them that Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird, of the English army, lost their lives.

Now, however, foreigners can visit the neighborhood and gaze upon the temples in safety, and they can also have a view of the greatest curiosity in Japan, namely, the statue of Daiboots, or the Great Buddha. This immense image stands about two miles from the temples, in a garden and grove of bamboos. It is of the finest bronze, and executed with wonderful skill. It is so large that it contains a chapel and altar inside of it, and a full-grown man can sit inside of its nose! Its height is about sixty-five feet, and its diameter thirty feet. It was made about six hundred years ago, and the lofty temple which enclosed it has long since disappeared, and for centuries this statue has been exposed to the storms which come in from the neighboring sea, but it is as fresh and uninjured as when first erected. It was once surrounded by the teeming population of a splendid capital; but now the only person in the neighborhood is a priest, who lives

in a small dwelling in one corner of the garden, and the site of the magnificent city is now a fertile field.

A year or two ago, when the Japanese Government took some action against Buddhism, it was reported that this vast image was to be destroyed, and the metal to be used in making the bronze money circulated in Japan; but it was not done. As the Japanese still pray and make offerings to it we hope it will be destroyed, and the time soon come when the innumerable other idols in Japan will be utterly abolished, and the Lord alone be worshipped.

FEEDING A JAPANESE HERMIT.

The religions of the Orient are everywhere penetrated with false conceptions of the Divine Being. It is not only thought that He is delighted with lambs for slaughter, but even with human woe. The sublime purpose of blessing the race nowhere enters into the thought of the devotee who courts sacrifice and suffering. On the contrary, the most useless, and even degrading, life often puts on a rare appearance of sanctity to the eyes of these followers of a false faith. For example, the Buddhist priests in China and Japan teach that one way of laying up a rich store of merit or goodness is to repeat over the name of Buddha. The amount of merit may be increased to any extent

by simply increasing the number of the repetitions. When a person has repeated the name a hundred thousand times, he may consider himself as well-pleasing to the god.

In the temples, the priests sometimes allow themselves to be shut up for months, and occasionally for years together, doing nothing but repeating over and over the name of Buddha. They do not leave the room in which they are confined for any purpose whatever, their scanty food and other things being passed to them through a small opening in the barred door or wall. When they come forth from this long confinement they are considered very holy, and they themselves are often very vain of this false holiness.

Some priests, instead of being confined in rooms in the temples, enter rude huts or caves among the hills, and persons from the nearest monastery supply them with necessary food, etc.

Another way of laying up merit is the frequent repeating of several prayers. In one of the Buddhist prayer-books a part of the work is taken up with small circles to the number of four thousand seven hundred, and every time the priest repeats all the prayers he makes a dot in one of the circles. This, he thinks, will be a witness for him in the other world.

Jimmu-Timmu, First Emperor of Japan.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

The name of this distinguished Jesuit missionary is well known to every reader of modern ecclesiastical history. He was a man of great zeal, who was abundant in labors, and counted not his life dear unto himself that he might propagate the doctrines of the Church. In 1541 he sailed to India, where he became known as the Apostle of India, and claimed that he had won many thousands of the idolaters of that country to the Roman Catholic faith.

Not content with what he had achieved in India, he looked forward with great expectation to the time when he would make converts of the teeming myriads that inhabit China, towards which country he set sail, taking Japan by the way, where he labored about three years, from 1549 to 1552, and then made his way to China; but he died when within sight of the Celestial Empire.

With respect to his labors in Japan, at first they seemed to be of no effect, though his appearance was that of a zealous mendicant who cared for nothing but the spiritual wants of the people. Nothing daunted by the almost insurmountable obstacles that crowded his pathway, he toiled on, hoping sooner or later to realize the earnest desire of his soul. Success

at length crowned his labors, and it was claimed that about two millions of people were converted to the Romish faith. Thus, according to the Roman Catholic records, the success of Xavier was even greater in Japan than it had been in India.

Various reasons have been assigned for the marvellous success of the Jesuits in Japan. Probably the most feasible is the resemblance between the mythology of Buddhism and the worship of the Roman Catholic faith, which made the transition from one to the other a comparatively easy task. It has been well remarked, that "the more gorgeous ritual, rich dresses, processions, and altars of the Jesuits outdazzled the scenic display of the pagan bonzes." The very idols of the temples required but little change to become converted into images of the saints, and the Buddhist "Goddess of Mercy" became "the Catholic Mother of God." The temples of Buddha were sprinkled and purified, his bell was reconsecrated, his lavatory became the baptismal font, or holy water stoup; the censer of Amida was swung before the shrine of the Virgin, and the convert could use unchanged his beads, bells, candles, incense, and shrines in the worship of his new faith. Many princes and potentates embraced the new religion, and compelled their subjects, on pain of death, to imitate their example.

This corrupt form of Christianity is vastly superior to the purest type of paganism. "Buddhism," says, Mr. Griffis, the author of "The Mikado's Empire," "promises rest in heaven only after many transmigrations and repeated miseries of life and death, the very thought of which wearies the soul." The missionaries preached the doctrine of immediate entrance into paradise—a doctrine which thrilled their hearers to an ecstasy of hope.

A reaction came. The friend of the Jesuits died, and his successor became a bitter persecutor of the missionaries. For about twenty years the converts were subjected to the most cruel persecutions; even some of the priests and their friends were publicly crucified. A civil war ensued, in which a hundred thousand men fell in battle. It is a remarkable coincidence that Roman Catholicism was banished from Japan at the period when the Pilgrim Fathers were planting the seeds of Protestantism in the New World. The cruelties inflicted were truly heartrending, but the converts, for the most part, refused to abjure their new faith and return to Paganism.

It is believed that thirty-seven thousand victims were massacred, thousands were cast into the sea, and thousands more were banished from the country.

Edicts were published declaring that so long as the sun should shine no foreigner should enter Japan or native leave it. Mr. Griffis says: "All over the empire, in every city, town, village and hamlet, by the roadside, ferry, or mountain pass, at every entrance to the capital—stood the public notice boards on which, with prohibitions against the great crimes that disturb society, was one tablet written with a deeper brand of guilt—with a more hideous memory of blood—with a more awful terror of torture than any other—it was the malediction of the name of Christ." Here is a *verbatim* copy of one of those notices, quoted from another author, who visited Japan: "As long as the sun shall continue to warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to set his foot on the Empire of Japan, and let the Christian's God know, and let the great God Himself know, that if He dares to violate this command He will pay for it with the loss of His head." Could impiety or blasphemy go further? What is not a little remarkable, these strange edicts have never been repealed, and yet a still purer form of Christianity is now being propagated with marvellous rapidity.

Japanese Peasant.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

For about two hundred years Japan was hermetically sealed against Western civilization and Christianity. In 1854, Commodore Perry, Lord Elgin and others secured a treaty which threw the country open to missionaries, at least to a limited extent. The treaty was further enlarged in 1858, when five ports were made accessible to foreigners. The Missionary and Bible Societies of Great Britain and America have all sent agents to labor in "this Empire of the Rising Sun." A translation of the New Testament has been made into the Japanese language, which is used in the Public Schools. There have been at least 10,000 converts made to Christianity, and a spirit of enquiry has been aroused among the people, which is a good omen for the future prosperity of the Church of Christ.

The missionaries of the various Churches are laboring in great harmony, and the result of their labors is a guarantee that at no very distant day the country will be evangelized, and the last vestige of Paganism will disappear. Schools and Colleges have been extensively established, a native ministry is being raised up, Christian temples are being erected, in some instances even Buddhist temples have been used as

houses of prayer, while in other instances, the materials of pagan idolatrous shrines have been used in the erection of Christian sanctuaries, and even in the state prisons Christianity has found an entrance as the recognized means of reformation.

At the annual meeting of the Evangelical Alliance of Japan, on January 10, 1884, eight-six Churches were represented, reporting a membership of 5,498. Seventeen Churches not reporting, bring the membership at that date up to a total of 6,590. The contributions of native Christians were given at 16,166 *yen* (about $14,000). Twenty-five years ago there were no native Christians and no Christian literature in Japan. The increase of membership during the last year has been nearly equal to the total membership after seventeen years' work.

No wonder that the priests of idolatry should take the alarm, and rally all their forces for the protection of pagan shrines. At one place where Dr. McDonald labored as a school-teacher and preached the gospel, and where also he formed the first native Church ever formed in the country, the native priesthood became alarmed, and carried a document round to every householder, asking each to affix his name and seal to a covenant that bound him not to listen to the words of

the Christian teacher. Some complied, but others refused, saying, "This religion is sure to prevail, and if we do not listen to it our children will, and we shall be laughed at for our ignorance and fear." And this was in Shidzuoka, which was the stronghold of the Shogunate, where in the seventeenth century there emanated the decree, "*The corrupt Christian sect is strictly prohibited,*" and in this very place a Christian Church has been established whose faith is spoken of throughout the world.

The Rev. C. S. Eby, M.A., has distinguished himself by a course of lectures on religion and science, which has done much to shake the faith of many of the more intelligent of the Japanese, in their pagan forms of worship.

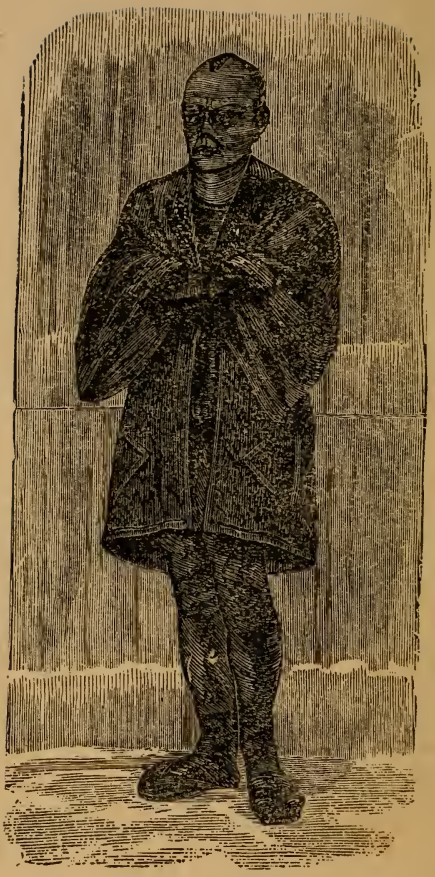
Such is the earnest spirit of enquiry that is abroad among the people, that sometimes delegations come from distant parts of the country desiring the missionaries to go with them to make Jesus known among the people. One day a man came to Tokio and said that he had been sent by one hundred and fifty people in the village where he resided, and their prayer was for a missionary. At another place the manager of a large pottery establishment requested a missionary to hold a service for his employees every Sabbath. In

the afternoon books and papers are read to them. At the side of the large gate of the factory is this sign: "This is a rest day at this establishment."

A fire broke out in a prison at Otsee, where 100 prisoners, instead of trying to escape, helped to put out the flames, and, to a man, remained to undergo the rest of their sentences. Why was that? Mr. Neesima, an educated Japanese preacher and teacher, gave some copies of the gospel to the keeper, and he, not caring for them, gave them to a prisoner convicted of manslaughter. He believed the record God had given of His Son, and taught the rest, and by his personal influence and their own Christian principle they were restrained. The word and Spirit of God are as efficacious within prison walls as of old they were, when the Acts of the Apostles were being woven into history.

A youth, some eighteen or nineteen years of age, had been brought up a heathen, but he heard the Gospel preached, believed on the Saviour, and in turn began to tell others what Christ had done for him, and the result was that several began to turn their feet into the way of the divine testimonies.

On a recent occasion, Bishop Bowman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, visited Japan and held a Mission Conference, where Hiraiwa Yoshiyasu, one of the



JAPANESE MECHANIC.

native ministers of the Methodist Church, acted as interpreter for the Bishop. This brother is said to be the most gifted native minister in Japan. Six native Japanese ministers were ordained, but what was not a little remarkable was that everyone took a pledge to abstain from tobacco and saki. It must be observed that smoking tobacco and drinking saki are exceedingly prevalent in Japan. Both men and women are much given to their use, and yet these men, before being ordained, pledged themselves to abstain entirely from the use of both.

The Methodists of Canada should prosecute their mission in Japan with increased vigor. The success of the past is a proof of the divine approval. Dr. McDonald admitted 105 persons into the Church by baptism in five years. Dr. Meacham in eighteen months gathered a Church which still lives and grows, and when he was obliged to leave, the people said: "Oh, sir, if you would, we wish you might stay amongst us forever and ever." Mr. Eby hardly became established in Kofu until he was invited to fifteen villages in the vicinity, and, to supply these, he acted on the plan pursued especially by the early Methodist preachers, and thus became the first circuit rider in Japan. With increased agency there is no doubt but that a large

and flourishing Church would soon be established in the "Empire of the Rising Sun." Men of Israel, help!

FIJI.

NATIVE FIJIANS.

CHAPTER II.

THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

THE STORY OF WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN FIJI.

FROM time immemorial the Fijian Islands were regarded by the natives of other savage islands with horror. Whatever barbarities and cruelties may have been perpetrated in other groups, Fiji surpassed them all. The very mention of Fiji would cause the natives of Tonga to be full of alarm. A Missionary said that "he thought even the devil must have been ashamed of some of the practices of his children in this land of cannibalism."

When the Rev. John Williams, the first martyr of Erromanga, was making one of his missionary voyages among the islands of the South Seas, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," he visited the Friendly Islands group, and spent a Sabbath at Tonga

with the Wesleyan missionaries. Here an agreement was entered into by these distinguished servants of God, that the Navigators' Islands should be occupied by Mr. Williams and his brethren of the London Missionary Society, while the Wesleyans should take charge of the Fiji group, as they were most contiguous to the Friendly Islands, where flourishing missions had been established. The results which followed have justified the course adopted.

It was on the 8th of October, 1835, that the Revs. David Cargill and William Cross, with their families, reached Fiji, in the schooner *Blackbird*. Not seeing any passage to the harbor, the missionaries went ashore alone. They soon perceived that they were in a most critical situation, as about two hundred armed men were standing on the shore, and as they were a motley group of naked savages, whose ferocious looks were terrifying, they could but repose confidence in God for protection. They bowed to the armed men and expressed their love for them in the Fijian tongue, and in a few moments they were told to visit the king, who was waiting for them.

His Majesty, who reigned over a few of the islands in the vicinity, received them more kindly than they might have expected, and gave them permission to

erect houses and proceed with their work as they desired.

The chief king of the group, Tanoa, never embraced Christianity. He was a cruel man, and resided at Bau.

The Rev. Joseph Waterhouse thus describes him in 1850: "At the very first interview, I said, in Fijian, 'Let me live at Bau, sir.' An emphatic 'No,' in English, was his instant reply. On that occasion he could well have been compared to Lucifer for pride. He was almost naked, which added to the appearance of great stature; his face was painted up to the eyes; his massive head of hair covered with a white gauze turban; his beard of great length, bore evident marks of having been carefully dressed; his eyes looked bloodthirsty. A score of armed men, who all looked like professional cut-throats, followed closely at his heels.

When Tanoa gained a victory, several human bodies would be cooked in ovens and served up as meat for the king's household. On one occasion news reached the Mission-house that fourteen women were to be killed and cooked on the morrow. The missionaries were at a distant island, but their heroic wives—Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth—resolved to attempt to rescue the doomed women. They went in a canoe, accom-

panied by a few natives, to the scene of death, and on their arrival they heard the dismal sound of the death-drum, and the horrid shrieks of the poor creatures, some of whom were then being clubbed to death. They reached the shore, where they met a *lotu* chief, who dared to join them, crying, "Make haste! some are dead, but some are alive."

Guarded by an unseen Power, the heroic women passed through the savage throng unhurt, and rushed into the king's house, the entrance of which was forbidden to women. They each presented a whale's tooth, and fell on their knees, entreating that the lives of the women might be spared. The monarch was startled at the audacity of the fair intruders. As he was dull in hearing, they raised their voices louder in favor of mercy. At length the king said, "Those who are dead are dead; but those who are still alive shall live." A messenger was despatched to stop the work of murder, and thus five women were saved from the cruel death which had been already inflicted on their unfortunate sisters. The Missionaries' wives then retured to their homes, greatly rejoicing at the result of their hazardous undertaking.

When Tanoa died, in 1852, five women were strangled to accompany him into the spirit world, not-

THAKOMBAU, KING OF FIJI.

withstanding all the remonstrances of the missionaries against such a barbarous and inhuman practice. Thakombau, who succeeded his father Tanoa, inherited many of his cruel propensities, though he was at times the subject of powerful religious convictions. The name Thakombau means, *Bau is bad.* A very remarkable work of grace once broke out in several of the islands, and while it was in progress Thakombau was engaged in one of the most terrible wars that ever was known even in Fiji. Vewa, which is not far from Bau, received the gospel, and the people refused to join Thakombau in the war, which aroused his indignation, and he resolved to punish them. Accordingly he sent word to them of his design, and even said that "they must either give up their Christianity or come to Bau and be cooked." They replied, "It is very easy for us to come to Bau and be cooked, but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity." The enraged Thakombau came to Rewa, where the missionaries lived, to execute his threats. The native Christians were very firm. Two of them meeting near the Mission-house shook hands warmly, and with cheerful smile exclaimed, "Heaven is very near." They retired to the bush—their usual place for prayer—and many a voice was heard there in exulting praise, and several

were praying for the salvation of their persecutors. Thakombau's men said, "If you missionaries would go away. It is your presence that prevents us killing them." On another occasion they said, "We came to kill these people, and we cannot lift a hand."

One night, when some special services were being held, Thakombau was found at the feet of Jesus, and experienced a knowledge of sins forgiven. The meeting was a memorable one. The king stood up in the presence of a large congregation of all classes and confessed his former sins. There were men present whose wives he had dishonored, widows whose husbands he had slain, women whose sisters had been strangled by his orders and whose brothers he had eaten, and children descendants of those he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers. A thousand hearts heaved with astonishment and fear as Thakombau spoke thus: "I have been a bad man. I disturbed the country. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said, 'I will continue to fight. God has singularly preserved my life. I desire to acknowledge Him as the true God."

A few weeks after this grand event idolatry was publicly disowned, and permission was given to re-

nounce the old worship and embrace Christianity. Thakombau was a man of more than ordinary ability; when the islands were formed into a confederation he was proclaimed "the King of Fiji." When the annexation of the country with England was agitated, the matter was more easily arranged with one chief than if there had been a number of petty rulers with whom negotiations had to be made. He lived as ex-king nine years, and when he died all classes of the community, both native and foreign, expressed their admiration of the nobility of his character.

The Rev. William Cross, who, as we have seen, was one of the first missionaries to Fiji, learned the language when he was a missionary in the Friendly Islands, and with Mr. Cargill labored indefatigably in his new mission, and he was the first to fall at his post. He was for a long time confined to his bed by illness, and had but few comforts such as an invalid required. When Mrs. Cross was nearly exhausted by her constant attendance on her afflicted husband, she was greatly relieved by a kind-hearted white man, an American named David Whipps, who came from an island fifty miles distant that he might succor the suffering missionary. Mr. Cross never fully recovered, and, after laboring about seven years in Fiji, died in

peace. A native house was built over his grave, and beneath the same roof, in this land of strangers, were interred the remains of some little children who were removed to a better country while their afflicted and bereaved parents were striving to plant the standard of the cross among the heathen of Fiji.

Among other missionaries who have labored in Fiji, honorable mention should be made of John Hunt, who was a farm-laborer in Lincolnshire, and was converted in his youth in a Wesleyan chapel in his native village, where a revival was in progress, carried on by the distinguished evangelist, Rev. John Smith, and others. John Hunt was an untutored young man—neither his father nor mother could read—still he became a local preacher, and used to walk many miles on Sundays to preach the gospel.

On being recommended for the ministry he was sent to the Theological Institution at Hoxton, London, where he devoted himself with great energy to the study of English, Greek, and theology. Hitherto his only books had been a Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress." News reached England from Fiji for a reinforcement of missionaries, when John Hunt and James Calvert were sent to strengthen the hands of the little band who were laboring among the cannibals. On his

Joel Bulu, Native Missionary.

arrival he entered heartily into the work, but he was only permitted to labor about ten years. His companion, Mr. Calvert, says respecting him: "His labors were abundant. He preached regularly, and attended to the people of his charge, visited the schools, wrote 'Memoirs of the Rev. William Cross,' translated nearly the whole of the New Testament and some parts of the Old, composed in the Fijian language an original and much enlarged edition (left in manuscript) of 'Sermons on the Evidences, Doctrines, Duties and Institutions of Christianity,' visited infant churches and unexplored parts of Fiji, studied and administered medicine to a great extent, and built two mission-houses at much personal toil."

Sickness befell this man of God, from which he never recovered. During the weeks of suffering which preceded his death the people made the greatest lamentations and offered earnest prayer for his recovery: "Oh Lord," Elijah Verani cried aloud, "we know we are very bad; but spare Thy servant. If *one* must die, take *me! Take ten of us!* But spare Thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

As he neared his end, he confidently committed his wife and babes to God, but was sorely distressed for Fiji. Sobbing as though in acute distress, he cried

out, "Lord bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji." Then grasping his friend Calvert by the hand, he exclaimed again, "Oh! let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord save Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Save Thy servants; save Thy people; save the heathen of Fiji!" To his wife he said, "If this be dying, praise the Lord." His countenance assumed a heavenly smile when he exclaimed, "I want strength to praise Him abundantly," and with the word "Hallelujah" on his lips he joined the worship of heaven. He was buried the day following his death. Loving Fijians bore him to the tomb. On his coffin were these words:

REV. JOHN HUNT,
Slept in Jesus, October 4th, 1848,
Aged 36 years.

The Rev. James Calvert embarked for Fiji in 1838. By trade he was a printer, and became distinguished for his labors in carrying through the press, for the Bible Society, an edition of the Fijian Bible. An amusing incident occurred soon after the people became able to read the Holy Scriptures. A number of them were sitting up reading until long after midnight,

and their custom was, when they came to a difficult passage, they would engage in prayer. They were reading the Book of Isaiah, and came to the passage where the false prophets are named as "dogs that cannot bark, lying down and loving to slumber." The missionaries had laid down to sleep when the passage was being read, and one of the natives prayed that the Almighty would make the missionaries "barking dogs, waking dogs, not sleeping dogs," and on hearing this strange petition they were not a little amused.

The labors of the missionaries were excessive. They had to be men of great ingenuity, and be able to turn their hands to every kind of labor. Some of the stations embraced more than a hundred preaching places, with which three thousand members were connected, all of whom had to be cared for by two missionaries and a few native assistants. Two missionaries were stationed on an island containing ten thousand inhabitants, six thousand of whom had embraced the Gospel. Mr. Calvert once visited an island, where he baptized two hundred and thirty-three persons, and married sixty-six couples. Many of these gave clear evidence that they had been baptized by the Holy Ghost.

Mr. Calvert spent seventeen years in Fiji, and then returned to England, where thousands were often en-

tranced by his graphic descriptions of the power of the Gospel among the cannibals of Fiji. After a furlough of five years he returned to Fiji, accompanied by a noble band of young missionaries, and remained seven more years. He still lives, and does good work for his Master. He attended the first Ecumenical Methodist Conference in 1881, and delighted that remarkable ecclesiastical gathering with his Fijian story.

There are several other missionaries whose names will always be revered, and of whose labors it would gratify us to write at greater length, but space forbids. We may mention the Revs. W. Wilson, T. Williams, R. Lyth, J. Polglase, F. Langham, J. Waterhouse, J. Nettleton, J. S. Fordham, and others, some of whom are still laboring in the Australian Colonies; others are stationed in circuits in connection with the British Conference; but others are gone to the better world, "where they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Honorable mention should also be made of the missionaries' wives, whose labors among their own sex were of immense value. Indeed, the presentation of the domestic life of the missionaries' household was a boon of immense value to the Fijians, who never saw woman as the angel of the family until they beheld

her position in the mission-house. Her services in visiting the sick, nursing children, helping her husband in Sunday-school and church meetings generally, were invaluable. One of these ladies, Mrs. Nettleton, introduced a harmonium and taught the girls to sing. She also taught them the arts of washing, ironing, cooking, etc., and then sent them forth to teach others, so that both men and women were taught for the future. Another, who finished her course a few years ago, Mrs. Calvert, left her impress on the minds of hundreds of Fijians, besides those who visited the islands occasionally. Like others of the sisterhood, she was greatly given to hospitality, and often shared the contents of her larder with sailors and wayfarers. At one of the islands, where Mr. Calvert was stationed, a Roman Catholic bishop and a number of priests landed and tarried several days, during which the bishop and some of the priests were several times guests at the mission-house. Her noble heroism in behalf of the women who were being murdered by Tanoa on gaining a victory has already been narrated. She became a person of influence among all classes by reason of her kindness. Her biographer says: "Naval officers of different nations, scientific travellers and other distinguished visitors, enjoyed her ready hospitality. Some-

times wanderers were thus brought under a good influence to which they had long been strangers. 'She made me think of my mother,' said a weather-beaten sailor, brushing a tear back from his cheek; 'and her kind words and good cup of tea brought home back to me.' Even the very 'beach-combers'—lawless settlers of the Pacific Islands—would lift their hats at the mention of her name." On a memorable occasion, when Mr. Calvert was a distance from home, he fell into the hands of savages in time of war, and owed his escape mainly to the fact that he was recognized by one of their number as the husband of the lady at the wooden house at Viwa.

As a ministering angel in the homes of sickness she was especially active. She was often brought into contact with white men who had been broken down by their vices, and amongst their widows and orphans, suddenly left desolate in a foreign land. Nothing deterred her from the exercise of kindness when she saw it was needed. At Lakemba it was resolved to establish an hospital, and on the question being asked who should be matron, a Roman Catholic priest said to a Wesleyan missionary: "We want such a lady as Mrs. Calvert. When she visited my people she did not ask, 'Are you a Catholic?' or 'Are you a heathen?' or

'Are you a Wesleyan?' but 'Are you sick?' and 'What can I do for you?'"

As a proof of what has been accomplished, we may make an extract from Mr. Calvert's address at the Ecumenical Conference. He says: "The laborers from England have never exceeded twelve. Many thousands have been savingly converted, have in return suffered the loss of all things, and some of them have died martyrs. Marriage is sacred. The Sabbath is well kept. A native ministry is raised up. The language has been reduced to written form, a grammar and dictionaries have been printed; 5,000 copies of the entire Bible and more than 30,000 of the New Testament, with innumerable portions of God's Word, have been supplied. A large edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' has been sold. A sad calamity, the measles, visited the islands a few years ago and carried away about 40,000 persons; still there are 1,132 churches and preaching-places, 1,603 schools, 48 native ministers, 996 catechists, all of whom are paid by the people among whom they labor; 2,252 school-teachers, 1,405 local preachers, 2,733 class-leaders, 38,019 scholars, 102,386 attendants on public worship, 23,274 members of society, and 5,438 on trial for membership"—a splendid result of missionary work.

As has been the case in other islands of the Southern Pacific, so in Fiji efforts have been made to seduce the people from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus. At one place a Roman Catholic priest said to the people: "You are following the *lotu* of John Wesley. Your religion is a beggarly religion; it is the progeny of Wesley, and your Bible the progeny of Moore" (a missionary). The Fijians looked at the priest, and scanned him minutely, and then said: "You do look a princely priest, you do; where are your shoes and stockings?" Another, on hearing a native minister preach, began to debate with him, and the young man said: "I am uneducated, and cannot reason with you —you are an educated man from France, and I would rather not debate the matter with you; but I know that it is true, because it is in the Bible, which says, 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God.'"

A storm was raging, and a heathen priest said the gods were angry because the missionaries were allowed to remain on the islands; but a recent convert said: "If the missionaries be the object of the god's resentment, why does he punish those who have not abandoned his service?"

Some, when dying, would say: "Good bye; we

know Him whom to know is life eternal. We are going up, and we will meet you in the skies."

Even white men who have resided with the natives for many years, and have become far worse in some instances than those natives themselves, have been, by the assiduous efforts and earnest prayers of the Missionaries, brought to consider the error of their ways, and have become respectable members in society. Mr. Pritchard, who was for many years British Consul in Fiji, relates the following: "A young man who belonged to a respectable family in Boston, was 'a fast young man,' and was sent on a merchant vessel to Fiji. After visiting the several ports of the group, he entered into a contract with an old chief to procure him a cargo of island produce. After the evening meal, the two were sitting together in a reed-house and looking out upon the beautiful starlight night—the educated white man and the grim old Fijian. Not a whisper disturbed the silence of the moment. Suddenly the old chief, raising his head, and steadfastly looking his guest in the face, remarked it was time for prayers, and asked him to conduct the devotions. The young man, with all his boasted superior civilization, could not pray. His surprise at the nature of the request was not greater than the surprise of the old

Fijian at the fact, that while the white men were sending Missionaries to his distant islands to teach him to pray, here was a white man himself unable to pray. The reclaimed savage conducted family worship and prayed—prayed for the white man. This circumstance—that pointed request to pray—so impressed the young American that he was induced at once to seek better things than all his trading speculations could provide for him—and that man thus converted under singular circumstances became a Missionary to Africa."

The native ministers and catechumens have done invaluable service in the cause of Fijian evangelization. Here are two :—

Daniel Afu here appears in his day-school or teaching dress. He is one of the class of men to whom his countrymen in Fiji are greatly indebted, and is equally at home in preaching a sermon, or steering a canoe through a difficult and dangerous passage among the reefs, which encompass the islands of the Fiji group, or in acting as architect, or mason, or builder of one the native churches. Some of the edifices for mission purposes were built under his supervision. He is a fine specimen of the native ministry, and has been called the St. Peter of Fiji.

Daniel Afu, Native Missionary.

Joel Bulu is another fine specimen of a native minister. He was born in the Friendly Islands, where he embraced "the truth as it is in Jesus." At an early period he joined the Mission in Fiji, where he was abundantly useful. The Rev. William Wilson, a returned Missionary, often testified of his excellence. His saintly piety secured him the title of the St. John of Fiji. When near the end of his useful life, he used to say: "I am an old man, and my body is weak; but my soul is as strong as ever, rejoicing in the Lord. When I look forward to the good land which is so near me, my heart burns and my eyes fill with tears of joy as I think of the glory which I shall soon behold." He died triumphing in the Saviour.

Henry Maafu is a local preacher in Fiji. He is a native of Tonga, Friendly Islands, and was once at the head of the Lau Confederation. When the Fijian Government was formed he was appointed Viceroy of Fiji. Without his help it would not have been such an easy matter to secure the annexation of Fiji to Great Britain. He was brought to a knowledge of the truth under the labors of Joel Bulu, since which time he has been exemplary in his conduct. He exceeds most of his generation in intelligence, hence he is a valuable assistant to the Missionary. Though the rightful suc-

cessor of King George of the Friendly Islands, he has relinquished all claim to the monarchy, and has taken up his abode in Fiji, where he signed the deed of cession and took the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria.

In 1874, the Islands became a Crown Colony of Great Britain, mainly through the influence of Sir William McArthur, K.C.M.G., M.P., and Sir Arthur Gordon was the first Governor. The group consists of two hundred and fifty islands, about eighty of which are inhabited. One is larger than Jamaica, another is larger than Cyprus. There are several magnificent harbors, and the scenery is of the grandest description. Among its products are cotton, coffee, sugar, sago, cocoa, rice, india-rubber, and spices. The revenue of the country has increased from eighty thousand dollars in 1875, to four hundred thousand dollars in 1880. The total value of the produce has increased from four hundred thousand dollars in 1876, to eight hundred and eighty thousand dollars in 1880. In 1882, no less than eight thousand tons of sugar were exported. The value of the imports from British possessions to Fiji has risen from four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in 1876, to nine hundred and two thousand two hundred and sixty dollars in 1880. In 1883, there was

a surplus of forty thousand dollars after defraying all Government expenses. Horses and cattle have also been introduced. When the Fijians first saw a horse they said "it was a great hog," and some of them were terror-stricken, and made their exit as speedily as they could. All this is the indirect fruit of Missions. And these remarkable results have been accomplished almost within a generation.

Levuka, the capital of Fiji, has three handsome European churches, a Government House, Supreme Court, Masonic, Good Templars', and Odd-Fellows' Halls, Mechanics' Institute, club-room, bank, two tri-weekly papers, stores, hotels, and, another sign of civilization—a single cab.

Many are the testimonies given as to the success of the Wesleyan Missions, by persons in no wise prejudiced in their favor. One of the most striking of these is the following, by the chaplain of H.M.S. *Brisk*, as to the success of Fiji Missions. "Never was I so much impressed," he says, "with the power of Divine truth as when I stood in the midst of a native congregation, at Bau, of over seven hundred; the king, seated in a dignified manner in an armchair, with his large Bible before him; the queen, the finest specimen of 'the human face divine' that I ever saw, in a con-

spicuous place among the women; and heard the gospel preached by a native minister, and the accents of their praise ascending on high, like the voice of many waters. The church is a large native building, capable of holding one thousand persons, and displays great ingenuity in its style of architecture. It is situated within a few yards of the ruins of an old heathen temple, where human sacrifices were wont to be offered to the gods previous to their being cooked and eaten. The ovens which were used for this revolting purpose are still to be seen, filled with earth, and quite close to the church."

Miss Gordon Cumming, who spent two years in the family of Sir Arthur Gordon, wrote a charming book, entitled, "At Home in Fiji," in which she gives the result of her explorations among the islands, and her visits to all classes of the community. After describing the blessed changes which had been effected, she says: "Just think of all this and of the change that has been wrought, and then just imagine white men who can sneer at Missionary work in the way they do. Now you can pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the lightly inhabited isles, has built for itself a tidy church and a good house for

its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are one thousand Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended, and that the first sound that greets your ear at dawn and the last at night is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer."

It is a remarkable fact that only one Missionary—the Rev. Thomas Baker—has been killed by the cannibals of Fiji. Several natives have sealed the truth with their blood, but Mr. Baker is the only Missionary from England who has thus been called to suffer, though the lives of others have often been threatened. Mr. Baker, accompanied by eight young men from the training institution, went on an evangelizing tour to a place called Navosa, where they were seized by a band of savage heathen men, and all except two were murdered in cold blood.

With a view to secure a native ministry to carry forward the good work so auspiciously begun in Fiji, a training institution has been established, respecting which many valuable testimonies have been given. The Rev. J. B. Smythe, a clergyman of the Church of

England, who was chaplain on board H.M.S. *Brisk*, when she visited Fiji in 1867, says: "I was well repaid for my visit to the Richmond Native Institution. The clean and airy schoolhouse, the tidy little houses of the students, and the beautiful order in which the grounds are kept, delight the eye of the visitor. When we entered the institution, a well-defined air of satisfaction gleamed in the faces of forty-five fine-looking young men; and as we proceeded to ascertain their mental attainments, slates and paper were quickly placed before them, and the examination passed off in a manner alike creditable to themselves and their energetic teacher. This institution is clearly the hope of Fiji, for native teachers must be largely employed; therefore a constant number of not less than one hundred should be kept under instruction."

A few years ago a new Mission was established at New Britain, East of New Guinea, a more degraded land, if possible, even than Fiji. This Mission was undertaken by natives from Fiji, of whom the Rev. George Brown was placed in charge. Before the Missionaries embarked, the Governor sent for them and Mr. Brown to come to the Government House, and told them of the danger that would befall them, and used various arguments calculated to deter them

from embarking in such a hazardous enterprise; but the men replied, "We know the danger, we are willing to go. If we are killed, well; if we live, well." Alas! that in a short time four of these heroic men were killed and eaten, and their wives and little ones were threatened with a similar fate. When the sad news reached Fiji, others were ready to go and fill the places of those who had fallen. One of them said, "If the people kill and eat my body, I shall go to a place where there is no more pain or death. It is all right." One of the wives was asked whether she still intended to accompany her husband to a scene of so great danger, and she replied, "I am like the outrigger of a canoe—where the canoe goes, there you will surely find the outrigger."

The grand results that have followed the preaching of the gospel, both in Fiji and New Britain, should encourage the friends of Missions everywhere to labor more earnestly for the universal diffusion of Christianity, which has proved its adaptation to the most degraded portions of the human race.

THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

Fishing for Coral in Southern Seas.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

THE South Sea Islands have long afforded men of science and religion prolific themes of thought. Hundreds of volumes have been written respecting the resources of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, and the origin and character of the people. Navigators from civilized countries have sailed among the reefs, and the marvellous tales they have told of what they have seen, have sometimes amused, and at other times have astonished, their readers. Again and again we have been reminded that—

> "Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

Some would even assert that the natives of those islands were so innocent and harmless, that they did not need the gospel; but, as the Rev. John Wesley said,

"none can believe such statements, who regard the Bible as the book of God."

The islands are numerous, but are generally found in groups, hence we have the Sandwich group, the Hervey group, the Navigators' group, &c. The people of the various groups had but little intercourse until recent years, except when engaged in war, and were altogether independent of each other, having their own customs, laws, and idolatrous practices. Early in the present century, when the Missionary enterprise was revived in the Churches, the South Sea Islands became the field of operation. The American Board of Foreign Missions sent their agents to the Sandwich group, and the London Missionary Society commenced operations at Tahiti, in the Navigators' group. Both these societies have had remarkable success in the islands of Polynesia; indeed, perhaps in no part of the world has there been such noble triumphs of the Gospel. It has been said that "the Mission to Tahiti was the first attempt in modern times to carry the gospel to an isolated and uncivilized people."

The Friendly Islands group, to which we wish to direct the attention of our readers, is situated in latitude between eighteen and twenty-five south, and longitude one hundred and seventy-three and one hun-

dred and seventy-six west. The group consists of more than one hundred and fifty islands, some of which are of considerable size. As far as can be known, the Dutch navigator, Tasman, was the first to discover this group of islands. The famous Captain Cook designated them by the name they now bear, in honor of the kindness with which the natives treated him and his crew. If the Captain had known the thoughts of the people concerning him, he would not have thought so favorably of them, for while they were feasting him and his crew so bountifully, they were making arrangements for his destruction, and but for their falling out among themselves, would no doubt have attained their object. Fruits and all kinds of tropical productions generally are very abundant, and the population amounts to more than 30,000.

From time immemorial the people have been much given to thieving. They seemed to have a liking for everything which they saw. Owing to the prolific nature of the soil, they had but few incentives to industry, and spent their time mainly in idleness and lasciviousness, when not engaged in war. It is believed, however, that the people of the Friendly Islands were the best governed of any of the groups. They acknowledged the sovereignty of the king who reigned

over them, and in the island of Tonga there was a semblance of royalty such as was not witnessed in any of the other groups.

The sailing of the Mission ship, "The Duff," from England, will ever be regarded as an epoch in the history of missions. That noble messenger of mercy, commanded by Captain Wilson, cast anchor at Tongatabu, 1797, and after waiting some days, ten persons were left among the people, some of whom were mechanics, though all were sent out by the London Missionary Society. For three years these noble men suffered all manner of hardships and cruelties, not only from the natives, but also from two of their own countrymen, who had been residents on the island for some years, though how they came there was a matter of uncertainty; their own story was that they were shipwrecked sailors, though some believed that they were escaped convicts from New South Wales, then known as Botany Bay, whither men were sent from England by hundreds, who had broken the laws of the country, and were thus transported. These men were hardened criminals, and were a source of great annoyance to the Missionaries, as they had become almost as abandoned as the natives were, and had well-nigh forgotten their native tongue. Some

years afterwards, they both came to an untimely end. Their career verified the truth of Solomon's words in the Book of Proverbs, "The way of transgressors is hard."

Some years after the commencement of the Mission, a war broke out among the tribes. At first some of the chiefs promised the Mission party protection, and treated them kindly, but their incessant begging and stealing was a source of perpetual annoyance. They desired almost everything which they saw in the Mission house, or around the premises. A cuckoo-clock was an object of more than ordinary interest. When they heard it strike, they were excited beyond measure, and every one would tell his neighbor: "*Nago mamttaai accontair.—I saw the wood speak.*" The Missionaries found it much more difficult to obtain a knowledge of the language than they anticipated, and the success of their labors was by no means what they fondly hoped for; and in a time of difficulty the Mission premises were destroyed, three of the devoted men were murdered, and the rest had a narrow escape from the same fate, but ultimately made their escape to New South Wales, by means of a vessel which happily touched at Tonga when they were in great peril.

To the Rev. Walter Lawry belongs the honor of being the first Wesleyan Missionary who, mainly at his own expense, visited Tonga, twenty-two years after the first Mission party had left the island. He also found one of his own countrymen there, but not so abandoned as those who had troubled the former Missionaries. The prospect seemed to be somewhat cheering, and from that time to the present the Gospel has been preached in all the inhabited islands of the group. The Island of Tonga alone contains more than forty places of worship, between two and three thousand church members, sixty day schools, with more than two thousand scholars, and a training institution for native Teachers and assistant Missionaries. Some years ago, the Rev. Robert Young visited the islands as a deputation from the Parent Missionary Society. He testified, "that all the people, except about fifty, had renounced idolatry, and some eight thousand were united in church fellowship."

As Mr. Lawry sent accounts home of the prospect of the Mission, Missionaries were sent out; among others, the Revs. J. Thomas, J. Hutchinson, N. Turner, W. Cross, W. Moon, D. Cargill, T. West, S. Rabone, and others, all of whom proved themselves true successors of the Apostles, and men who counted not their lives

dear unto themselves. Some of them died in the islands, where their remains await the sound of the archangel's trump. Of this number was the Rev. W. Webb, who was sick only a short time, during which he gave a noble testimony to the power of saving grace. Once he said: "I have been making a mistake; I have been looking too low. Down here, all is dark; but there, there, I see the gate of heaven. There all is light, and I shall enter there." Some of the noble women, wives of the Missionaries, also succumbed under their labors, as Mrs. Thomas, and Mrs. Cross who found a watery grave, as she was accompanying her husband and a party of native teachers to one of the islands, where the standard of the cross was about to be erected. Her husband tried to save her, but she was washed from his arms by a large wave of the sea.

The labors of these men of God were often performed under very distressing circumstances, and were truly excessive. Here is an account of a Sunday's work, such as they usually performed: "Breakfast about four a.m. Then walk to the most distant place for the day, nine or ten miles. Preach there at nine o'clock. Refreshment after service, and then walk a few miles under a vertical sun, to the second preaching place, where service would be held at one o'clock p.m. From

thence another village would be reached, in time for a third service, about four o'clock p.m. All this done, the exhausted man would arrive at home again a little after sunset."

On the other days of the week, every hour would be occupied, for the Missionaries had to perform all kinds of work, and could adopt the Apostle's language truly, and say: "We labor, working with our own hands; these hands have ministered to my necessities." One of the Missionaries states that "one of the earliest employments in which we learnt how to handle carpenter's tools, was that of building a whale-boat to carry us to those places which could only be reached by sea. The boat already on the station was not seaworthy, and I could not bear to risk myself in small native canoes. Accordingly, I enlisted the aid of an American, called John Kelly, who worked as a compositor in the Vavau printing-office. 'Kelly,' I said, one day, 'do you think that you and I could build a whale-boat?' His reply was: 'Well, I guess an American can do as much work with a jack-knife as anybody else.' So we set to work, and in the course of a few weeks we built and launched a very good boat, twenty-four feet long. It subsequently carried me safely many hundreds of miles, through storms and

dangers, while visiting our Mission stations." The writer once heard a returned Missionary describe the qualifications essential to a successful Missionary in the Friendly Islands, when he concluded with the remark, that "he must be a jack of all trades."

A Boatman of Mateia.

The Missionaries' wives, in addition to their own domestic duties, would assist their husbands in teaching, and sometimes would be subjected to the most painful straits to arrange their household matters so as to enjoy even ordinary domestic comfort. Native

servants would perplex them beyond endurance, while they would again and again be at their wits' end to fix clothing for the household, so that all might appear decent, as it was only once a year they could obtain supplies, when the Mission ship paid its annual visit, for trading vessels seldom visited the islands until many years after the Missionaries commenced their labors.

We make the following extract from the letter of a Missionary: "Sometimes the wife will be heard to say: 'Our children have not a shoe that they can wear.' 'Well, my dear,' says the Missionary, 'you must contrive something, for my hands are full.' Dinner must be prepared, and lo! the only dish in the house is broken; 'what now?' says the wife; 'do the best you can,' says the husband; and she turns to, finds a sheet of tin casing in an old box, gets a block of wood, hammers the sheet of tin round the block, and thus manufactures a tin baking-dish; then, poor woman, she calls to the native girl to dry a cloth, and she foolishly puts it into the boiling tea-kettle just ready for tea. Do we not need patience?"

The first convert from idolatry gave the Missionaries much pleasure. His name was Lolohia. He was a youth of more than ordinary promise. He was eager

to learn, but was of delicate health, and when he was unable to attend the sanctuary, he would get other youths to carry him thither in a kind of native wheel-barrow. From the first he never wavered, and while some of the chiefs would annoy the Missionaries, he cheered their hearts by his fidelity and consistency. His conduct had a salutary effect upon other youths, and during the tedious affliction which preceded his death, he manifested so much patience that all were astonished, as he often expressed his gratitude in the most audible manner.

As the people advanced in education, it became a difficult matter to supply them with books. A printing-press was sent out under the care of a Missionary, who understood the printing business. When the poor people saw the working of the press they were as much astonished as their fathers were who saw the cuckoo-clock before mentioned. For several days the office would be so crowded with people, anxious to see the press at work, that their presence was often a great inconvenience. In nine months, seventeen thousand copies of books of various kinds were printed at the Mission-press.

About three years after the first Wesleyan Missionaries landed at Tonga, the principal Chief of Haabai

visited them to solicit a Missionary, but his request could not be complied with. On his return home, so much had he been impressed with what he had seen, that he even employed an English sailor to read prayers in a house which he used as a church. This same chief afterwards publicly renounced idolatry, and was baptized in the presence of several hundreds of people. As he was afterwards made king of the entire group of islands, and maintained a consistent course of life, his influence in favor of the new religion was great. He died in 1845, and was succeeded by George Tabou, who still reigns over the group. Like his predecessor, he has always been the friend of the Missionaries, and with his Queen, regularly meets in class ; both of them act as class-leaders, and the king also exercises his gifts as a local preacher.

King George, of the Friendly Islands, has, from the commencement of his career, conducted himself as a true Christian. In him is fulfilled the declaration of Scripture : "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers." His sovereignty has been acknowledged or recognized by England, America and France. He is of royal descent, inasmuch as his grandfather was king, but he has not been exempt from trials, but has proved again and again "that un-

easy lies the head that wears a crown." Some of the heathen chiefs, who have been instigated by French Romish priests, have more than once created trouble, and even brought on a rebellion against His Majesty, whom they have described as a usurper whom they would dethrone. The king has never been known to treat his opponents otherwise than in the most Christian manner. During one of those native rebellions, the forts of two towns were taken, which compelled the king to proclaim war. His army could soon have taken the towns by storm, but this would have caused great loss of life, which the king was anxious to avoid. Stockades were therefore constructed, and lines of trenches dug around the rebel towns, and thus all their supplies were cut off, and they were brought to terms of capitulation. Seeing the hopelessness of their cause, the rebels surrendered, and were brought into the presence of the king. According to Tonguese customs, they came before His Majesty in the most humble and supplicant attitude, with leaves of the Ifi tree (a species of chestnut) suspended around their necks in token of submission, and clad in burial dresses, significant of anticipated death. The king, arrayed in his native costume, magnanimously forgave every one who had taken up arms against him, and addressed

them on the blessedness of Christianity, through the influence of which they and their people were spared that death, or dreadful slavery, which, in the days of heathenism, would have been their doom.

The rebel fortress was destroyed, but the property belonging to the Romish priests was secured; they also were left unmolested, though it was well known that they were highly culpable.

Sir Everard Home, captain of a British man-of-war, was present and witnessed the scene just narrated, after which he said that King George could well be compared to Alfred the Great, of blessed memory, and was worthy of the title of a king. A French captain also, who was sent to investigate the cause of the rebellion, in which some French people had been involved, told a Missionary that he could assure His Majesty that, though he had seen hundreds of men in the South Sea Islands, he had not seen one fit to be compared to him for knowledge and ability, in courage and dignity;" and, furthermore, said this French captain, "assure His Majesty, that should any Frenchman in future be guilty of intermeddling with his Government, as had been proved in this particular case, he has only to procure proper documentary evidence of the fact, and the French Government will not fail

promptly to punish the offender, by his removal from the country or otherwise, whether he be priest or layman." So fully convinced was the captain, who was a commissioner from the Government of France, of the blamelessness of King George that, although he held in his possession a documentary claim for heavy pecuniary compensation, on behalf of the Roman Catholic Missionaries for damages to their property, he never submitted this claim to the king, nor did he ask for a single farthing on their behalf. He also insisted that one of the priests, whom he believed to have been a leading spirit in the rebellion, should go on board his ship and be removed to Tahiti.

A few years ago the Rev. Robert Young visited Australasia, as we have stated in another part of this volume. He spent some time in the Friendly Islands, and subjoined is the account which he afterwards published respecting the first Sabbath which he spent at Tonga. He says: "At half-past five o'clock a.m., the bell of the chapel summoned the inhabitants to worship. It was a meeting for prayer, and attended by about three hundred persons. The king and queen were present, and both engaged in prayer. The former took a review of God's mercies to them as a people, contrasting their present with their former condition,

noticing the arrival of Missionaries, together with the Book of God in their own tongue; and describing in grateful language and with much hallowed feeling the happy results they had realized. He then referred to my arrival, and spoke of it as a further evidence of the love of God, and of the Christians in England, to him and his people. And the *John Wesley* having brought several cases of the New Testament, he also alluded to that as a very great boon bestowed upon them; and when he thanked God that the cases had arrived, were in the bay, and would soon be landed, there was from every part of the chapel a burst of joyous feeling. The Scriptures are so valued in these islands that a sovereign (about five dollars) would not have purchased a copy of the New Testament before our arrival. Many possessed the holy treasure, but esteemed it more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold, and would on no account part with it. The queen, in her prayer, also gave thanks for the arrival of the Scriptures, and said the book was valuable, not because of its paper and ink, but because it brought good tidings to sinners, and from Genesis to Revelation was full of the Saviour. And when she in a tremulous but earnest and melodious voice, thanked God for His Book, the response from every part of the

chapel told that she had touched a tender chord, and elicited the grateful feelings of many a heart. To show how eager the people are for the Scriptures, the following fact may be stated. Some time before the vessel arrived, which it was hoped would bring a supply of Testaments, the people came to the Missionaries with their money that they might obtain copies immediately. The day after the vessel reached Vavau, a poor man came with cocoanut oil for a Testament. The day was stormy, and the poor fellow was cold and half drowned after his long walk. He was remonstrated with for having thus exposed himself, but his answer was, 'I am going away to another island as soon as it becomes fine, and I am afraid lest when I come back all the books will be gone.'"

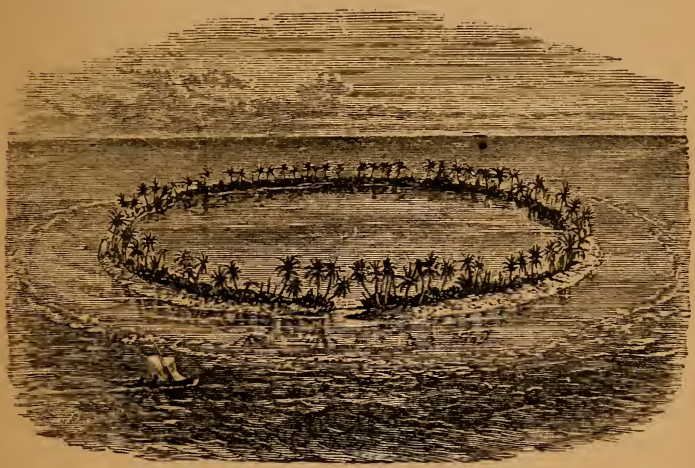
Mr. Young testifies that during all the time he was with King George—about three months—"I never heard a foolish word drop from his lips, nor did I ever see anything in his spirit or deportment inconsistent with the most entire devotedness as a disciple of Christ." King George accompanied Mr. Young to Sydney, New South Wales, and spoke at a Missionary Meeting, where he exhibited an idol god which he and his family were accustomed to worship. Holding up first one hand and then the other, each of which was

minus two joints of the little finger, he said, "My father cut off these fingers and offered them in sacrifice to this very thing—the idol god." On being converted the king told how that he collected all his gods together, and to the indescribable alarm of his people, he hung the whole fraternity of them in his kitchen, and left them dangling in evidence of their inability to save themselves or those who trust in them."

King George has proved himself deserving the confidence of the people. With the assistance of the Missionaries, he drew up a code of laws for the government of the country, which would do credit to nations much further advanced in civilization; indeed some of the latter might to their advantage copy from this code, especially in respect to the regulation for keeping the Sabbath and the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

The work of education has advanced at an amazing rate, indeed in this respect as well as others, the Tonguese shew an aptitude and skill not always manifested by Polynesians. Schools have been established in every island, in which the usual branches of education are taught. At Nukualofa, a training school was established, which has developed into a seminary of a higher class, and will henceforth be known as TUBOU

COLLEGE, a name given to it in honor of King George. There is accommodation in the college for one hundred students, who are trained for the work of teachers and ministers. The success of the college has been very gratifying. For many years it was under the presidency of the Rev. James Moulton, assisted by an able



A LAGOON ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

staff of tutors, most of whom have been trained in England. "The curriculum of study embraces algebra, history, arithmetic, astronomy, chemistry, Euclid, geography, mensuration, solids, trigonometry, Scripture, history, and theology."

In regard to church accommodation, the people of the Friendly Islands have done their utmost to provide themselves with suitable houses of prayer. In some instances humble sanctuaries have been built in the shortest space of time, and in every island, even the poorest, there are several, suitable to the wants of the people, which are always thronged by eager worshippers. At one island a church was erected sufficiently spacious to hold the entire population. It was an elegant church, 110 feet long by 45 feet wide, inside measure. It was built in two months. Sometimes as many as a thousand persons would be engaged in the erection. The work was regularly divided, and even the king and the chiefs took part, and performed their duties with exactness. Some beautiful spars, which had often been used in war, were converted into rails for the communion table, and two beautifully-carved clubs, which were formerly worshipped as gods, were fixed at the bottom of the pulpit stairs. At the opening of this splendid house of worship, King George delivered an appropriate sermon on Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple.

For several years the Friendly Islands Mission has been entirely self-sustaining, and some thousands of pounds are contributed yearly to send the gospel into

"the regions beyond." True, the amounts are not always paid in money, but in that which is equally valuable, as cocoanut oil and other commodities, which are sold at Sydney, New South Wales, on the return of the Missionary-ship from her annual visits to the Mission-stations in the South Seas.

The Missionary meetings are often addressed by native teachers, who appeal earnestly for liberal subscriptions. One said: "Bring all the things you can as gifts to help the good work of Missions. Do not keep the best things in your houses to sell some other day to a ship of war, but bring them here to-day. Bring them here, your best mats, and shells, and chesses. Bring them all with a willing mind." At one Missionary meeting there were shells, corals, clubs, cloth, and mats contributed, which, when sold, amounted to $150. At the island of Vavau the total contributions at the Missionary meetings amounted to $2,435, which was an average of $1.13 per member, and nearly 46 cents each for the entire population.

A few years ago the contributions of the whole District amounted to $22,448, for Missionary purposes, in addition to $7,750 contributed as class money which was about $15,000 more than the expenses of the Mission.

The Rev. Peter Vi was one of the first-fruits of the Missionary enterprize in the Friendly Islands. He was teacher of Tonguese to one of the early Missionaries. When assisting in the translation of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, he was led to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus, and was one of the seven who formed the first class-meeting. He became the first *Native Preacher* in the Friendly Islands, in which position he soon became distinguished, and during his day none were more successful in winning souls to Christ than he. Mainly through him King George renounced idolatry and became a Christian.

Another of the early native preachers was Latuselu, who went as a Missionary to Samoa. While laboring there, he underwent many trials and experienced some remarkable deliverances. Only one can be given. He was waylaid as he was returning from an appointment. A chief levelled a gun at him and was about to fire, when Latuselu coolly called out, "Stop! If you shoot me, well and good for me; I shall go at once to heaven; but, remember, that will not be the end of it; God will require my blood at your hands." The chief was dismayed, and instead of firing he ran toward a young man who had accompanied Latuselu, and struck him with the butt end of the musket and ran, think-

ing that the youth was killed; happily, however, he recovered, and the missionary was singularly preserved in the time of peril.

The Friendly Islands Mission has raised up several able native preachers, some of whom were men of genius. Once two of the number, David Kata and Barnabas Ahongalu, attended the Wesleyan Conference at Sydney, and on being introduced, David addressed the Conference through the Secretary, who acted as interpreter: "I thank the Lord for the welfare of this meeting, and the health of the ministers and chiefs who are assembled. I am thankful to witness the assembly that rules our Church in these seas, but more especially for this great love whereby we two are recognized in the presence of this meeting. We had no expectation of being introduced, but thought our place would be outside; therefore we feel much the love of this meeting to two colored men, and can say with Peter: 'Now I know that God is no respector of persons.' Besides, I thank this meeting for its love to the islands of the seas, which were without God in the world—the islands from which we come."

The Rev. John Thomas, who was for many years a Missionary in the Friendly Islands, died a few years ago, having been superannuated for about twenty

years, during which King George regularly sent him five hundred dollars per year, in token of the esteem in which the venerable Missionary was held by those whom he assisted to raise from the degraded state of heathenism. When Mr. Adams returned to England the first time, after an absence of thirty-five years, he tried to find one of the idol gods that he might exhibit it as a trophy to English congregations, but so completely was idolatry destroyed that he could not find the smallest idol for that purpose.

It is to be regretted that Popery has been introduced into some of the islands, but not more than a thousand of the people have been drawn away from the truth. The Popish priests endeavor by the most unscrupulous methods to seduce the poor people from the simplicity of the Gospel. A catechism was published, from which we take one extract to illustrate their teaching: "Tell me what is the meaning of the *lotu* or the religion of Mr. Wesley, if it is a branch of the *lotu heretic* in the order of Luther and Calvin?" Here follows the answer: "It is a very new branch indeed of the heretic religion, and only had its rise in a man called Wesley; he was a man who sprang out of the branch of the heretic religion, and he separated from it, and caused his own branch of religion to grow; a portion of foolish

people followed him, and carried on with him their foolish work. That is the meaning of the Wesleyan religion, and that religion is useless; it is but a branch of the dead branch, which in other times departed from the Church of Christ; and his (or its) curse is

Warriors of Gilbert Island.

also increased because of his (or its) pride and evil doing; and his (or its)—either Wesleyan Methodism or Wesley himself, for the original may mean either —continual persecution of the Catholic religion from which they have all separated."

A Romish priest spoke of the Word of God among the natives, and said: "What have you got? You have only got a mutilated part of the Word of God, and even that part was stolen by John Wesley from the Church." A revival was in progress, and several of the young people especially were converted; but one of the Romish priests being present, and wishing to make the people believe how much they were interested in the welfare of the young people, who were greatly agitated about their souls, intimated that they would become deranged; "for," said he, "this is the work of the devil." "Well," said Twineyan, "I am not much acquainted with such things, neither do I pretend to be a teacher of priests; but, to my mind, that which you say is the work of the devil looks very much like what took place on the day of Pentecost, when those pricked in their heart said to Peter and the rest of the Apostles: 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?'" On hearing this, one of the priests was reported to have said: "We came too late to these islands; we ought to have been here before the Scriptures." Let but the Scriptures be freely circulated, and let the people's minds be imbued with the sentiments which they contain, and Popery will find it no easy matter to become established.

At different periods, the Friendly Islands have been the theatre of grand revivals. In 1830, and again in 1850, and yet again in 1870, there were gracious visitations of the Holy Spirit, during which several hundreds of persons were made the happy partakers of saving grace. The work began in one instance while a native preacher was conducting service at a distant place in one of the islands. So great was the excitement that followed, that one of the people ran to a neighboring place where a Missionary was preaching, and said: "Kuo hoko ae ofa! Kuo hoko ae ofa!" "The love is come; the love is come." In some instances, the influence would spread from town to town. The people would fall prostrate, and some would be in the greatest possible distress, and would weep in intense agony, then they would shout aloud: "*Praise the Lord, I never knew Jesus until now; now I do know Him. He has taken away all my sins. I love Jesus.*" In prayer they are always earnest, and are not afraid to pray aloud. A native of Samoa once described one of the Friendly Islanders in prayer, and he said, he "prays like steam." Those not leading in prayer respond heartily with their "Amens," so that the noise can sometimes be heard afar off.

The Rev. J. Thomas, to whom allusion has already

been made, says that during one memorable revival, it was estimated that on a single Sabbath one thousand persons passed from death unto life. Well might he say that he "never witnessed such an extraordinary day." When the said revival commenced, King George was in a backsliding state. He had yielded to temptation and fallen into sin. Happily, however, he again felt the power of "the love," and at a meeting in the large church at Vavau he went to the communion rail crying for mercy. At that time the king was in deadly hate with one of his chiefs; he now felt that he must forgive his offending brother, and during the revival the king and the chief were seen embracing each other in the house of prayer. They had forgiven each other, and both of them sought and found forgiveness from God.

The effect of the revivals was invariably good. Some would go hundreds of miles to distant islands to tell what God had done for them. In this manner the whole group of islands have been evangelized so that not a vestige of idolatry is anywhere to be seen.

It was at a time of gracious visitation that these poor people were prompted to desire the salvation of their cannibal neighbors, the Fijians. They had often gone thither before for purposes of trade, and joined

the people of Fiji at their cannibal feasts; but when "the love" came, they wanted the Missionaries to go to Fiji, and, mainly at their entreaty, the cry "Pity Fiji" was send to England in 1834, and awakened an interest on behalf of the people of Fiji, which was followed by the most glorious results of modern times. Some of the native preachers assisted in the opening of the Mission to Fiji, and still more recently, when the Mission in New Guinea was commenced, some of the preachers in the Friendly Islands were among the first to volunteer their services for that dangerous part of the world, where God has put great honor upon his servants.

All the Wesleyan Missions in the South Seas are connected with the Australasian Conference, and the latest reports which we have seen confirm the opinion before expressed, that the works of the Lord in these distant lands have been so truly marvellous that we may well say: "What hath God wrought?" We should pray with the Royal Psalmist: "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things, and blessed be His glorious name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and Amen."

NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealanders.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND is one of the colonies of England. A few years ago it was the scene of a dreadful war, which raged to such an extent that, to all appearance, both colonists and natives were likely to be exterminated. Happily, however, the colony is now in a state of peace, and it is to be hoped that it has entered upon a career of prosperity. In thirty years the population increased to nearly a quarter of a million, not including the Maories; and, as the climate is salubrious and the land fertile, there is plenty of room for an immense population. There are also gold fields, which do not fail to attract the enterprising. In one year, seven hundred and thirty thousand and twenty-nine ounces of this precious metal were exported, being the largest exportation ever made in one year.

New Zealand, like some other colonies, has been won to the British crown in a great measure by the disinterested, self-denying missionaries, who have hazarded their lives in seeking the lost sheep in the wilderness. The Church of England Missionary Society was the first to enter this extensive field, which comprises three large islands in the Southern Pacific Ocean, the largest of which is nine hundred miles long by seven hundred wide. The natives are called Maories, but they have decreased thirty per cent. in thirty years.

As they have now settled down to peaceful pursuits, and are not likely to be so much embroiled in war, either amongst themselves or with the colonists, it is hoped that they may increase. Their present number is about forty thousand.

The Rev. Samuel Marsden, D.D., who was senior chaplain of the British forces in New South Wales, was the first missionary who planted the standard of the cross on the shores of New Zealand. He was a native of Yorkshire, England, and received his first religious impressions among the Wesleyan Methodists. He was a man of great enterprise, and took deep interest in the foundation of the London Missionary Society, and was a liberal contributor to its funds.

From the time of his appointment as chaplain abroad, he was "in labors more abundant," and even purchased a vessel, which was the first real missionary ship that ploughed the waters of the Pacific. In this little craft he visited New Zealand seven times. He finished his course in 1838, and his name will always live among the chief benefactors of New South Wales; while in New Zealand it will be gratefully remembered on account of the efforts he made to introduce the blessings of religion and civilization among a race whose deeds of cruelty and death had struck terror into the minds of even the hardy and adventurous seamen who ventured to land on their coasts.

The Church of England Mission was commenced in 1814. Two hundred acres of land were purchased for a mission-settlement by the payment of twelve axes, the deed of which was ratified by the chief "by adding as his signature a minute copy of the lines tattooed in his face." Cows and horses were introduced to the island by the missionaries, which greatly astonished the natives, who had never seen such animals before. The work for a long time was mostly preparatory, and consisted of learning the language of the people, translating books, establishing schools, besides building houses and teaching the people, both by example and precept, the arts of civilized life.

The native wars, which were of frequent occurrence, and the conduct of convicts who had made their escape from the penal settlements of New South Wales, as well as that of those engaged in the whale fisheries, were great hindrances in the way of the success of the missionaries. The natives were barbarous and cruel in the extreme, and many of them were really cannibals. In their wars they perpetrated the most fiendish tortures on their enemies, and frequently devoured their bodies.

As recently as in 1836 a most fearful war prevailed in New Zealand, which occurred in this wise. At a place called Rotura, a chief named Hinga was murdered in cold blood by another chief named Huka. Waharoa, a celebrated warrior and a near relative of the murdered chief, resolved to revenge his death. War, once begun, quickly spread on all sides, and furnished horrible manifestations of the ferocity of the native character. In the fights between the contending parties, it was calculated that several hundreds were killed, men, women and children, many of whom were eaten by their enemies, and all this in consequence of one murder. The sights were often perfectly harrowing. "Dead to all feeling," writes the Rev. Mr. Mannsell, "the victors, holding by the hair, shook

in our view the heads of their vanquished foes, directed our eyes to the bones and hands which they were carrying in bundles on their backs, and offered us for food the flesh, the presence of which the abominable stench disclosed. Worn out with disgust, I returned to the settlement, but there similar scenes presented themselves, and a boy, not sixteen years of age, stuck up within two yards of our fencing a shrivelled human heart." More than once the lives of the missionaries were in jeopardy, and at least one of them and several native teachers became martyrs to the mission cause.

Notwithstanding the obstacles with which the missionaries had to contend, their labors were crowned with success. Thousands of natives, as well as colonists, have been brought into the Church as communicants Several bishoprics have been established, the first of which was presided over by Bishop Selwyn, who was afterwards transferred to the See of Lichfield, England. It was in 1841 that Bishop Selwyn landed in New Zealand, and though somewhat inclined to High Church notions, he labored with great zeal, and was the means of greatly consolidating what others had begun. He never said to his clergy, "go," but, "come," as he was always ready to brave danger and perform deeds of noble daring equally with the most heroic.

He was the founder of the Malanesian Mission, which for years was regarded as the most flourishing mission belonging to the Church Missionary Society, embracing more than one hundred thousand adherents, and about ten thousand Maories, and one hundred missionaries. The first missionary meeting held under the presidency of the bishop was attended by five hundred natives and several Europeans. The resolutions were moved by Europeans and seconded by natives. Some of the addresses were unique and interesting, and the collection amounted to two hundred and fifty dollars.

One day two young chiefs came a journey of five hundred miles to Bishop Selwyn's residence, to solicit a missionary for their father. To the surprise of the bishop, the youths could both read; when it was ascertained that several years before a native had, of his own accord, gone among the tribe to which they belonged, and not only taught them to read, but also explained the truths of the Gospel, which caused them now to desire a missionary.

Through the influence of Bishop Selwyn, a large industrial farm was started for the benefit of the natives. Various schools were also formed, and a college for the training of a native ministry.

It is but right to state that the mission in New

Zealand was injured by the conduct of some of its agents, who became extensive land-owners, and were so absorbed in secular pursuits that their spiritual duties were neglected, and the jealousies of the natives aroused. Sir George Grey, who was for some years Governor of the colony, declared that the conduct of the missionaries, and the treachery of other white settlers, was the occasion of more than one Maori war. Whatever may be the inducements to become land-owners, missionaries should not be drawn aside from their "one business." The sad results which occurred in New Zealand should act as a warning to all others in similar circumstances. The conduct of the missionaries was disapproved by the Directors of the Society, and some of them were discontinued because of their worldly engagements.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society was first represented in New Zealand by the Rev. Samuel Leigh, of precious memory, who was the pioneer of Methodism in the Southern world, in 1819. He went to New Zealand in 1821, having been previously in New South Wales, and was cordially received by the Church of England missionaries. The agents of both Societies were a source of comfort to each other, and frequently relieved each other's necessities, and afforded shelter

A Tattooed New Zealander.

and refuge to each other in times of danger. Mr. Leigh was soon followed by the Rev. N. Turner, and others, who laid the foundation of the Church there. The missionaries were often in great peril. The thieving propensities of the natives were such that they never seemed satisfied, no matter how much they might receive for articles which they sold.

The first station planted by the Wesleyan missionaries was called Wesleydale. The land was purchased from the chief, who claimed that it belonged to his tribe. The missionaries built with their own hands mission-premises, and planted vegetables and fruit-trees. The people gathered around them, and erected for themselves rude dwellings. The missionaries were necessitated also to work with their own hands in the erection of sanctuaries in which to worship God. From the first they paid great attention to the young, and used every means possible to teach them to read; but this was no easy task, as there were no books in the language of the people; hence they had to reduce the language to written form, and prepare books suitable for all classes. To teach the natives was an irksome duty, but perseverance and the blessing of God can work wonders. The missionaries' wives, besides attending to their numerous domestic duties, assisted in

the schools, especially among their own sex, teaching them various kinds of needle-work. After some years of patient toil, the moral desert gave evidence of fertility, and the state of things was a great contrast to that which was presented when the missionaries ventured to take up their abode among the savages.

One of the sights then seen was twelve ghastly, tattooed heads of men, arranged in a row, in the path the mission party had to travel; and when the chief was asked why he had made this exhibition, the missionary was shocked to hear him say that he had put them there for sale. Now, however, the cruelties of the heathen were greatly abolished; but, alas! at a moment unexpected, all the bright hopes of the missionaries were blighted; the station was laid in ruins, and the mission families were obliged to flee for their lives. A desolating war raged for years among the tribes, so much so, that whole tribes were actually exterminated, and the country for many miles around Wesleydale was one scene of desolation. All the mission property was plundered, and even the grave of the missionary's child was opened in order to plunder the dead body.

This was not the only mission station destroyed. Another was subjected to a similar calamity a few

years afterwards. The land was literally soaked with human blood, and it seemed as though the missionaries must abandon the field which for twelve years they cultivated amidst great suffering and self-denial. Much money had been expended, and the devoted men might say, "We have labored in vain and spent our strength for nought, yet surely our judgment is with the Lord, and our work with God." God seeth not as man seeth. He has seen fit to allow the path of His servants in some instances to be severely tried. Dr. Judson labored in Burmah for six years before a single Burmese became a Christian. The mission in the Friendly Islands was abandoned for several years for lack of success. Madagascar, where there have been such marvellous displays of saving power, was abandoned, and for years the native Christians were subjected to all manner of cruelties. Thirteen years' labor were expended at Tahiti before a single convert was made. Rev. Robert Moffatt, D.D., and his coadjutors in Africa were even longer without seeing the least evidence of good from their labors.

All the land in New Zealand being claimed by various tribes, and the customs of the people being so peculiar, misunderstandings leading to direful results often occurred. Adventurers would also come among

the people, from New South Wales, and many of them being very immoral, were the occasion of much trouble among the poor people, who would frequently upbraid the missionaries with the conduct of their countrymen. The presence of the missionaries would, in numerous instances, prevent the speculators taking advantage of the natives. This would enrage them, and they would endeavor, from a feeling of revenge, to excite the people against their teachers. Several of the leading chiefs, perceiving the sad state of things, both among themselves and the colonists, were desirous to have the aid of England, so that scenes of desolation might be less frequent among them. The English Parliament at length sent out a representative of royalty, and for a time things began to improve, but still many mishaps have taken place which have led to serious conflicts, and involved the country in almost interminable war.

The year 1839 will ever be remembered in the annals of Methodism in England as the centenary year when so many thousands of pounds were poured into the Lord's treasury. The Missionary Committee resolved to send a large reinforcement of missionaries to various parts of the world. New Zealand was not forgotten. New stations were commenced and old

ones were strengthened. A missionary ship, called the *Triton,* was purchased and despatched to the South Seas on her errand of mercy. Rev. J. H. Bumby was at this time sent out as Chairman of the New Zealand District. Mr. Bumby was a native of Thirsk, Yorkshire, and was a minister of more than ordinary gifts and graces. He was greatly beloved, and had he remained in England he would doubtless have become one of the leading ministers in the Wesleyan Church. In 1843, the writer was stationed at Thirsk, and at that time Mr. Bumby's name was like ointment that is poured forth. His career in New Zealand was brief, for in two years he was drowned, as he was returning from one of his tours of visitation. He labored hard while he was permitted to occupy his important post; more than once he prevented some of the tribes engaging in war, for it is a remarkable fact that the natives of New Zealand have always revered the missionaries. Their exemplary manner of life, their devotedness to their special work their faithfulness to the instructions given them by the Missionary Committee, no doubt gave them much influence with the people. Mr. Bumby said in one of his communications that "he did not know of one Wesleyan missionary who owned a foot of land in

New Zealand Salutation—"Rubbing Noses."

New Zealand." Mr. Bumby was the first missionary who died in that colony.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has always been a powerful auxiliary of missions. By the aid which it has generously given in printing new translations of the Scriptures, it has contributed much towards the world's evangelization. From the commencement, both the Church of England and Wesleyan missionaries assisted in the work of translating the New Testament into the Maori language, and in 1835 an edition of fifteen thousand copies of the blessed Book was scattered among the people. Then followed detached portions of the Old Testament, so that now the entire Scriptures are published in the Maori language.

Both societies also established printing presses, from which hymn-books, prayer-books, etc., were issued. The people became eager for books. One of them said: "One thing only do I desire. It is not a blanket, it is not anything that will pass away, but this is my great desire—the Word of God." Persons have been known to travel two hundred and fifty miles, and then wait several weeks for the arrival of a ship which was expected to have the Scriptures on board. The wife of one chief had used her copy so

much that it had become defaced. She tied the fragments together, and desired the missionary to repair it. Some would say, "Our hearts are sick for the Word of God. We desire it more than axes, hatchets, or blankets."

Revivals were sometimes frequent. The first Methodist class-meeting among the natives was held in 1831, and consisted of five Maories. One Sabbath, one hundred and twenty adults were baptized, and on another one hundred and thirty, besides forty-six children. Some of these had been notorious persons, and were amongst the number which committed such sad depredations on the mission property at Wangarva. A missionary says of one of the converts: "He was immeasurably the worst native I ever knew, and that is saying a great deal. He was such a compound of arrogance and meanness, such an arrant liar, and such an incorrigible thief—such a *tangata kino, wakahara hara*—that even the natives did not respect him. He took the lead in a cannibal feast which was held near the place on which the station was formed, only a little time before I went there, and pointed out to me with a horrid look of satisfaction that would well become the devil himself, the skulls of the persons they had eaten, sticking up on poles, and the

teeth which they had driven into the trees. This man was for some time a most terrible nuisance to us, who then knew nothing of the language or customs of the people. He would march into the house, and take the butter from our table and anoint his head with it, and appropriate anything which he desired to have, at the same time pretending to be our patron and friend. He attended Divine worship—for some time, I think, because it gave him consequence to be considered the protector of the *pakeha*. By degrees, however, he came under the influence of Divine truth, became greatly distressed on account of his wickedness, and found the pardoning mercy of God in Christ. Though not far from fifty years of age, he soon learned to read the Word of God. For several years he was a consistent Christian; endured his last affliction, which was severe and protracted, with the most exemplary patience; and I saw him die, full of peace and joy, and committed his remains to the grave in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

A missionary of the Church of England, about to return home from New Zealand, gathered his Maori converts around him in a farewell communion service. To his surprise, he noticed one man, who had been kneeling at the communion-rail, arise, return to his

seat in the church, and after a while come back and receive the sacrament. On inquiring the reason of such conduct, the man replied that he had knelt beside a man whom he found to be the murderer of his father, and whose life he had at the same time sworn to take. At first he could not receive the sacrament with this converted murderer. On resuming his seat, however, he thought he heard a voice say: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." While his natural feelings still rebelled against the command, he thought that he saw the cross, and heard the Man upon it say: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This overcame him, and he returned and received the communion with his former enemy.

The effects of the Gospel upon the natives were seen in a variety of ways. Polygamy, infanticide, and cannibalism disappeared. A desire for learning was manifested; the young men, especially, gave evidence of their desire to be taught. The Sabbath became a day of rest. Sometimes tourists would be astonished at the unwillingness of natives to travel on that holy day. Family prayer, and attendance on religious duties, were now common. The sound of the bell at the sanctuary would instantly cause the people to march

in all directions to the place where prayer was wont to be made. Those who had seen New Zealand from the commencement of the missionary exterprise, and now beheld the blessed results, were often heard to speak with delight on what they saw, and could not help exclaiming: "This is the finger of God."

Our limited space will not allow us to enlarge, but we cannot pass from the scenes of prosperity which we have reviewed, and contemplate the next ten years, without a shudder. Alas! what scenes of desolation occurred in those years! How many homes were destroyed, what sad wrecks of moral character were to be seen, and how much the blessed work of evangelization was retarded!

It is pleasing to record the fact that, while horrible scenes were enacted during the ten years' war, the missionaries were regarded with a feeling approaching to reverence, until towards the last, when the Maories became so infuriated that they even began to practice some of their old abominations. Two missionaries were put to death during the Pai-Mariare delusion, which was connected latterly with the war. One of the murdered missionaries, Rev. C. S. Volkner, was the first martyr in New Zealand. He was returning from Auckland when taken prisoner, and was summoned to

New Zealand Children and Idol.

the place of execution, under a large willow tree, on a branch of which a block and cord were fastened. His coat, vest, and shirt were taken off, and worn by Keroopa, a chief of the Maketu tribe. The devoted man was calm throughout, and shook hands with the natives as they were bandaging his eyes. Without pinioning his arms and legs, they hauled him up with the block by a cord round his neck. There hung the messenger of mercy, slowly dying by the hands of the people he had come to save; a spectacle on which they gazed with feelings which outraged the worst feelings of savage life. While the body hung, and before life was extinct, his boots and pants were drawn off and appropriated. When the body was taken down, the head was chopped off with an old axe. The body was still more foully mutilated, and portions thrown to the dogs. In the evening a meeting was convened in the Roman Catholic chapel, and then abominable orgies were practised, with the bleeding head of the martyr placed on the pulpit before them, after which the head was taken away to be dried for future use. Thus fell honorably one whose name is embalmed among all the Churches.

Another missionary who fell at this time was the Rev. John Whitely. He was one of the oldest Wes-

leyan missionaries in New Zealand, having labored there thirty-eight years. It was usual for him to ride into the country on Saturday afternoons from twenty-five to thirty miles, and early on the Sabbath morning, commencing his work, he would hold sometimes half a dozen short services during the day among the colonists and Maories, civilians and military men, drawing their minds away from earth to heaven; and then, worn and weary with bad roads and crossing dangerous rivers, he returned to town in time to conduct the evening service or to listen to the sermon of one of his fellow-laborers. It was on such an errand of love that he left home for the White Cliffs, where he met the cowardly assassin by whom he was shot dead, and his horse was shot also. When found, five bullets had pierced his body, his coat was taken away, and the saddle was removed from his horse.

Thus the two missionary societies which have labored more than fifty years in New Zealand have each had their martyr—men who counted not their lives dear unto themselves when called to lay them down in the service of Christ. Mr. Whitely's death was especially deplored by the Maories who remained faithful to him, and they would often exclaim, "Alas! our father." The Colonial Government, which often sought his

counsel, conferred a pension of £100 on his widow and unmarried daughter.

Happily, there has been no war in New Zealand for more than twenty years. The country is at rest. Missionaries of other denominations besides those named are now zealously laboring for the good of the people. A Romish mission has been instituted, with the usual display of ostentation which characterizes those of that faith. The Government has become established on safer principles than heretofore. Military settlements have been made; so that with the increase of the colonists, and the great reduction of the Maories, it is not likely that such sad scenes will ever take place again as we have noticed. As the natives become more enlightened they will be less disposed to go to war. Some of the Maories are members of the Legislature, so that the outlook is encouraging and hopeful.

The Wesleyan Societies in New Zealand have for several years been formed into a separate Conference, belonging to the Australian Methodist Church. The spirit of Methodist Union has reached the Australian colonies. There, Methodism has been weakened by reason of divisions which occurred in England. The Primitive Methodist, the United Methodist Free

Church, and the Bible Christian branches have all been struggling for an existence, and have been aided by the funds from their respective parent societies. The people, however, have resolved that these divisions shall cease. Accordingly, meetings have been held by representatives from all the branches of Methodism, and a plan of union, which comprises a constitution for

THE METHODIST CHURCH OF NEW ZEALAND,

has been carefully examined; and, providing that the various Conferences, and the ministers and members of the Circuits, endorse the action of the United Committee, by accepting the constitution, the new Church will commence its existence on the first day of January, 1885.

The following exhibits the strength of the respective Churches at the time when the constitution was agreed upon:

CHURCHES.	Ministers and Probationers.	Members.	Adherents as per Census Returns.	Value of Property.
Wesleyan	88	6,932	39,544	$758,000
Primitive Methodist	18	1,300	4,643	140,000
United Methodist	12	861	2,009	123,000
Bible Christian	2	100	375	11,000
Total	120	9,202	46,571	$1,032,000

Our readers will join us in praying that the great Head of the Church may bless the Churches in New Zealand, so that no untoward occurrence may transpire to prevent The Methodist Church of that country entering upon its new career.

AFRICA

VIEW FROM THE TABLE-LAND NEAR MOWA
CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER V.

AFRICA.

AFRICA proper is a vast continent covered with plains and mountains, towns and villages, inhabited by various tribes, composed of multitudinous people. It is one of the great divisions of the globe, and is the third in magnitude and population. It has been described as "a peninsula, in the form of an irregular triangle, of which the north is the base, separated from Europe by the Mediterranean Sea; the eastern side from Asia by the Isthmus of Suez, the Arabian Gulf, and Indian Ocean; while the west and south are washed by the waves of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans."

"Its extreme length from north to south is about 5,000 geographical miles, and 4,600 broad, presenting an area of more than 13,000,000 of square miles. It is thus larger than either Europe or Australasia, but

smaller than Asia or America. The name it bears was anciently given, and that exclusively, to a province of the northern part frequently called the territory of Carthage; and down to the twelfth century it was applied to the fertile country comprised in the modern kingdoms of Tunis and Tripoli; but it now describes the extended regions we have mentioned, lying between the *thirty-seventh* degree of north and the *thirty-fifth* of south latitude; the *eighteenth* degree of west and the *fifty-first* of east longitude."

Its population has been variously estimated from *thirty* millions, to as many as *one hundred and fifty* millions. One writer even asserts that the population exceeds *two hundred* millions, which recent discoveries in Congoland seem to confirm. Africa was originally peopled by the descendants of Ham, one of the sons of Noah, but the aborigines have been gradually blended with numerous tribes who, at various times, made a descent on its shores, and settled in its territory. They now present a motley group, differing in language and color, in physical conformation and intellectual and moral condition. Descendants of the ancient Arabs, tribes of Negro origin, Hottentots and Kafirs, Fellutahs, and Mondingoes, represent a large portion of the population.

This vast country, to describe which numerous volumes have been published, is not so extensively known as some other portions of our earth. Many distinguished travellers have spent years in commercial and scientific explorations; among others may be mentioned Ledyard, Mungo Park, Bruce, Dr. Barth, De Châillu, and Dr. Livingstone, who was buried a few years ago in the famous Westminster Abbey, London.

To the long list of African explorers must now be added the name of Henry M. Stanley, Esq. Mr. Stanley is a Welshman by birth, and when three years old was sent to the poorhouse, where he remained ten years and was educated in a parish school. When fifteen years of age, he was made a sailor, and went to New Orleans, and was adopted by a merchant in that city, but his master soon afterwards died, and he was again thrown upon his own resources. He next became a soldier in the Confederate army, and was taken prisoner. After the war he received a position in connection with the New York *Herald*, and acted as correspondent during the Abyssinian war, and travelled in Turkey and Asia Minor. His letters made him famous, and led to his being sent to Africa in search of Livingstone. He was successful and returned home, but was soon sent out again, and several

years were spent in the Dark Continent, during which he encountered greater perils, overcame more difficulties, and obtained more important results than any other traveller who had preceded him. The hardships which he and those who accompanied him endured are almost incredible. As an illustration, it may be stated that in the short space of two years he lost hundreds of men, and his head became white as silver, though when he began his explorations there was not a grey hair in his head. Largely through his discoveries and earnest pleadings with British and American Christians, a great impetus has been given to the cause of missions in Congoland. The career of Mr. Stanley ought to inspire young men with courage in the discharge of duty.

Africa was not always down-trodden and comparatively unknown to other nations. It was once renowned for its science and literature. It was the emporium of commerce, and the seat of an empire which contended with Rome for the sovereignty of the world—the cradle of the ancient Church and the asylum of the infant Saviour. Herodotus is of opinion that it was circumnavigated by the Phenicians long before the Christian era; and its coast was the first object of maritime discovery after the compass had in-

spired seamen with confidence to leave shores and landmarks and stand forth on the boundless deep. Africa had once her churches, her colleges, her repositories of science and learning; her Cyprians and bishops of apostolical renown, and her noble army of martyrs. Her years of darkness and appalling suffering should certainly serve as a beacon to nations blest with the Gospel to take care lest their candlestick should be removed out of its place. Poor Africa was long left imbedded in a worse than funereal gloom, and but for British power and British sympathy, under the favor of heaven, Africa, to this day, might have had the tri-colored flag waving in the breeze, with the ensign of the mystery of Babylon, the crescent of the false prophet and the emblems of pagan darkness, from the shores of the Mediterranean to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

Those noble men, the Christian missionaries, who have often been the objects of contumely, and whose self-denying and zealous labors have been repeatedly ignored, and who, inspired by motives of present benevolence, have entered Africa; and, as the heralds of salvation, they have not hesitated to go even to those parts of the country which are the most unhealthy and otherwise unattractive; and, by their

discoveries and labors, they have brought to light facts relating to geography, climate, and people, which, but for them, would have remained unknown. They have reduced the barbarous and unwritten language to form; have compiled books and grammars, of which others besides missionaries have reaped the advantage. This they have done, not for filthy lucre, nor for the honors and emoluments of this life, but for the glory of God and the happiness of the poor despised race among whom they have sojourned.

Time would fail to enumerate the names of all the missionaries who have labored in Africa. Various denominations, both in Britain and America, have sent their representatives to different localities, and have only in some instances settled together, so that the heathen have not been so much perplexed with the strange anomaly of the divisions of Protestantism as is sometimes seen in our own country. The Wesleyan Methodists of England have missions both in South and Western Africa. Those in the former locality have recently been formed into a Conference, called the "South African Conference." The Methodist Episcopal Church has one Conference, in Liberia, Western Africa, over which Bishop Taylor presides He is now also exploring the Congo region, where

he hopes to establish a number of self-sustaining missions.

The missionaries who have labored in Africa have often been in great peril by reason of lions and other wild beasts which roam in the forests. The Rev. Wm. Threlfall, Wesleyan missionary, was once travelling in the bush, and was attacked by some lions, which devoured two of his horses and an ox, though happily he escaped; but some time afterwards he was murdered by some Bushmen who, for the sake of plunder, put to death the man of God and those with whom he was travelling. Of this sad fact a further notice is given in this chapter. Those who have read the "Missionary Scenes in South Africa," by the Rev. Robert Moffat, D.D., and the "Travels of Dr. Livingstone," will recollect many hair-breadth escapes which those men of God experienced. Dr. Moffat once discovered that he and his party were surrounded by six lions, and in this situation they had even slept, and attributed their preservation entirely to Divine Providence, and their having kept a fire burning all night.

The following may interest our juvenile readers:— One day a party of young men thought they would have some sport by hunting wild beasts. They went

on horseback, and soon saw a troop of lions, one of which evidently saw them, and made towards them. The young men dismounted, and there being no trees near, they tied their horses together, and stood behind them, waiting for the lion. He soon came and sprang upon a horse, which, of course, made the poor animal run, and knocked down a Hottentot who was near. It must be observed, that lions are said to like men's flesh better than that of horses. In this instance the man first felt the paw of the lion touch his neck and then press upon his breast, so that he could scarcely breathe; then the lion seized his arm and gave it several bites, and made the blood flow freely. The poor man raised himself up, but the lion seized his head, which happily had a hat on, so that the head was only slightly grazed. The lion, now seeing his paw covered with blood, licked it several times, and seemed to relish it greatly. The poor man all this time was in dreadful agony, and prayed to God to deliver him. After a while the lion, to his amazement and joy, got up and left his victim, who immediately seized his gun and ran for life. His cowardly companions had already made their escape. Some medical men were of opinion that the poor man's arm would have to be amputated, but to this he

would not consent, as he would not then be able to work for his children. He prayed to God, and the arm was actually healed.

One night a party of hunters had kindled a fire and lay down to sleep. When the fire had become extinguished, a lion sprang in and seized a man by the shoulder and ran off. The other hunters hearing a noise, but not knowing that one of their companions was gone, rose and seized their guns and fired in the direction they supposed the lion to have gone. One of the balls pierced him, when he opened his mouth to roar. The man, of course, thus got free, and ran to his companions exclaiming, "Do not shoot me! Do not shoot me!" They were not a little surprised at the rescue of their friend, whose shoulder received a scar which was never erased.

The natives of Africa have always been remarkably superstitious. Owing to this characteristic they have often been imposed upon by designing men. Sometimes certain parts of the country are subject to long droughts. There is a class of men who are known as "rain-makers," who impose upon the people at such times by making them believe that they can produce rain by their incantations, and when successful as they claim to be, they obtain great remuneration. On one occasion

the Rev. Wm. Shaw held a public discussion with one of those persons, whom he completely discomfited in the presence of his deluded followers. His incantations, though often repeated, failed to bring rain. Some days afterwards the devoted missionary called the Christian natives together, and set apart a day for fasting and prayer. The poor people were so anxious to secure rain that they wished to know if the babies might not fast also. Services were held all day in the church, and before the close of the evening meeting a fine shower descended and it was followed by rain of several days' continuance.

The Rev. Dr. Moffat, in his interesting book on South Africa, gives a most graphic account of a notorious rain-maker. The season was such that everything was parched and dried up. At length the chief man of the place sent a great distance to the man in question, who belonged to another tribe. He came and made his entrance into the settlement in great pomp and splendor, and though the heavens seemed almost literally on fire, yet he pretended that he would soon flood the valleys and make the people fly to the hills for security, and cause those to be glad who could find a place of shelter. All the people, great and small, rushed out to give him a public welcome, and, in

accordance with his orders, they even washed their feet in honor of his entry. He was by far the most shrewd man of the kind that Dr. Moffat had ever seen, and soon commenced operations. He had recourse to the most ingenious devices to hoodwink the people. He would tell them that he wanted certain

UNIVERSITIES MISSION AT MBWENNI, ZANZIBAR.

roots, and away they would go in great numbers to gather the roots in question; then he would go to the hills and build fires, and thus make smoke, thinking to attack the clouds; then he would call for various animals, which he would sacrifice; but still the rain

would not come. At last, he must have a lion's heart, which he knew it would be almost impossible to obtain; but even when obtained and burnt with great solemnity, the rain still would not come. One day, however, a small shower descended and one of the chiefs ran to his hut to thank him, thinking that he had at last succeeded, when, lo! he found the rain-maker asleep, but on awakening him and asking an explanation, he said his wife was making rain as fast as she could. She was churning with a milk-sack to obtain a little butter to grease her hair. At length he pretended to find out that the clouds would not come because the missionaries looked at them, and therefore they could not get over the hills. Thus weeks rolled away, and no rain came. The people began to get impatient, and he, poor fellow, was becoming alarmed for his personal safety, for it is a remarkable fact that the majority of rain-makers come to an untimely end. In this case, as the rain did not come, a council was held among the chiefs to put the impostor to death, but the missionary, whose life he would gladly at one time have taken, interposed on his behalf, and saved him in this instance, and even succeeded in getting him sent to his own tribe and district, where he was eventually murdered, as indeed there is not one tribe who have

not imbued their hands in the blood of these impostors, whom they first adore, then curse, and lastly destroy.

The first Wesleyan missionary sent to South Africa was the Rev. John McKenny, of Coleraine, Ireland, who sailed thither in 1814. On arriving at Cape Town, Lord Somerset, the Governor of the colony, refused to give him permission to remain. He was therefore ordered to Ceylon, to join the missionaries who had gone there with Dr. Coke, when that apostolic man found a watery grave.

In 1815 the never-to-be-forgotten Barnabas Shaw offered himself for South Africa, and was accepted. On their way to the Cape of Good Hope he and his wife buried their little son in "the deep, deep sea." On arriving at his destination he was no better received by Lord Somerset than Mr. McKenny the year preceding.

Just at this juncture the Rev. H. Schmelen, a German missionary, arrived in Cape Town with some Namacquas. Mr. Shaw held an interview with them, and he was urged to commence a mission among the heathen beyond the Orange River. He did not know what to do. To commence the new mission would involve greater outlay than the Missionary Committee had authorized him to incur. His noble wife came to

his aid and encouraged him to enter on the project, reminding him how that her private property in Lincolnshire could be expended if the Committee objected to the expense. This decided him.

Mr. Shaw and his wife started for the interior, truly not knowing whither they went. When they had travelled twenty-seven days they actually met a party of Hottentots enquiring for a Christian missionary. They had already come two hundred miles, and must travel three hundred more before they could reach Cape Town. It was useless for the chief to proceed further, as no missionary could be obtained at the Cape. If either of the parties who had now so unexpectedly met had started on their respective journeys an hour sooner they would have missed each other. Mr. Shaw was now induced to go in a different direction to what he had intended. The poor chief was filled with joy at the prospect of returning with a missionary, who made his entry into Little Namacqualand amidst astonishing triumph. He soon commenced his labors and preached his first sermon from "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Timothy i. 15. Mr. Schmelen, who had accompanied Mr. Shaw and his party in all this

tedious journey of more than a month's travel, now went on his way to his own field of labor. In a few months Mr. Shaw had the pleasure of receiving the old chief and others into Church fellowship and administering the Lord's Supper.

The method which Mr. Shaw adopted to teach the natives to read was ingenious, and is a confirmation of the excellency of the object method of teaching. For weeks he had labored to teach them A B C, etc., but they made no progress; and, when getting disheartened, it occurred to him that they had a name for every one of their bullocks, and, so therefore, he hung his alphabetical cards upon the trees and said, "Now, there is bullock *a*, there is bullock *b*," etc., and they soon learned, and became able to sing the praises of God, and read portions of the New Testament.

About three years after Mr. Shaw commenced his labors in Namacqualand, a Hottentot came from a distant tribe, entreating that they might be taught the Gospel. Shortly after this another missionary, the Rev. Mr. Archbell, was sent to Mr. Shaw's assistance. They visited the tribe in question, and found the people waiting for the Gospel. Another Hottentot, named Jacob Links, had been converted, and made so much proficiency in learning and piety that he was em-

ployed as an interpreter, then as a native teacher, and occasionally he preached. Certain Dutch Boers were pleased to say that the Gospel was never intended for the Hottentots. Links having heard this, asked a Dutchman whom he encountered whether the name of the English or that of the Dutch was in the Bible, as, of course, no one disputed their right to the Gospel. The Dutchman failed to answer, whereupon Links replied: "The Dutch call us heathen, so we are; and I read in the Bible that 'Jesus is a light unto the heathen,' so I read our name in the book; therefore the Gospel is intended for us heathen Hottentots."

The Rev. Barnabas Shaw was sometimes called "the Apostle of Africa." His labors were crowned with marvellous success. Some ludicrous scenes occurred as he endeavored to teach the natives how to cultivate the land. The missionary constructed a plough, and when the people saw how quickly it could be made to turn up the soil, an old chief called some of his councillors from a distance, saying, "Come and see this strange thing which Mynheer (missionary) has brought. Look how it tears up the ground with its iron mouth! If it goes on so all day, it will do more work than ten women." Hitherto the work of tilling the ground had been left to the women and

slaves, but the introduction of the Gospel produced a grand change. Mr. Shaw had taken a few garden seeds with him to Africa, and as the natives saw how rapidly they grew they were amused, but when they beheld Mr. and Mrs. Shaw partake of lettuce and other salads for the first time they said, "If the missionary and his wife can eat grass, they need never starve."

A place of worship was required and houses had to be built. The missionary labored with his own hands in the erection of the requisite buildings. The people had never been accustomed to such continuous labor as was now required, though they were perfectly willing to render all the assistance in their power. When they first beheld a cross-cut saw, as the missionary took hold of one end and a native the other, and saw how quickly a tree could thus be cut in two, their joy was unbounded, and they could scarcely be restrained from cutting more timber than was required, from their delight to witness the performance of the wonderful instrument which the missionary had taught them to use.

The Rev. Barnabas Shaw labored more than fifty years as a missionary, and died in the triumphs of faith. His son Barnabas labored also as a missionary

for several years in Namacqualand, where he was born. About the same time that the Rev. Barnabas Shaw commenced his missionary labors, the Rev William Shaw went to South-Eastern Africa, and

SON OF THE KING OF CHUMBIRI.
CENTRAL AFRICA.

labored for many years on behalf of the colonists and native tribes. These honored men, though called by the same name, were not relatives, as some have supposed. William had the honor, in connection

with the Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury, to commence the Wesleyan Mission among the Kafir tribes. In one of their missionary journeys they slept more than twenty nights in succession on the ground, with the broad canopy of heaven for their covering.

The Rev. William Shaw was a man of more than ordinary shrewdness, and was often consulted by those in authority in seasons of emergency. He was, however, at times, in great peril, and even in danger of his life. On one occasion he was travelling in Kaffraria, accompanied by four natives. He was the only European in the party. One morning a journey had been performed before breakfast: the oxen were grazing, the morning meal had been despatched, and Mr. Shaw was sitting on the waggon perusing a book. All at once a halloo was raised, which caused the men to seize their weapons and run towards the cattle. Mr. Shaw soon saw that a party of Kafirs were driving away the cattle, and the men were running to secure them. They succeeded, and returned with joy; but, lo! in the meantime, a ferocious-looking Kafir had placed himself in front of the missionary, and begged first one thing and then another, and all that he received only seemed to increase his desire for more. At length Mr. Shaw remonstrated with him

for being so impertinent with a stranger, and a traveller too. At this he drew out the *tutshuntshe*, or stabbing assægai, and held it up close to the missionary's breast, and said, "Don't you know that I can kill you?" Mr. Shaw, as quietly as possible, said, "Yes; but," pointing upwards, "if you kill me, there is a God above: He will see what you do, and He will make you pay with your blood for the blood which you shed." He now saw the men returning, and, lowering his arm, ran towards his company; and the missionary was preserved from assassination. Was not this the finger of God?

Mr. W. Shaw saw missions established among the Bechuanas, Fingoes, Hottentots, and in Port Natal among the English colonists. Schools were established, and institutions for the training of native teachers were founded. Mr. Shaw spent the last few years of his life in England, where he was beloved by all classes; and his brethren in the ministry honored him by elevating him to the Presidency of the Conference, which is the highest gift in their power. He was a heroic man. He published an interesting volume, entitled "The Story of My Mission," which is a soul-thrilling narrative.

The first missionary martyr in South Africa was

William Threlfall, who was a native of Lancashire, England, not far from the spot where the holy William Bramwell was born. He was the son of wealthy parents, who possessed everything desirable of an earthly nature, but after his conversion he felt constrained to go to "the regions beyond" that he might tell the people that Christ died for them. It is not certain who was the spiritual father of this devoted young man, but it is believed that a local preacher delivered the message which brought salvation to his heart.

"Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant."

Shortly after this period William Threlfall wrote in his journal: "I think I can lay down my life for the salvation of the pagan world. When I hear of the sufferings of missionaries, my inclination to go is sharpened more than when I hear of their comfort and prosperity; the greater the danger the more ardent is my desire, and I feel as if I should be gratified in laying down my life for Christ's sake. I am willing to go to the farthest, the most pagan, the most sickly place, where a missionary of Christ never stood; or to fill up the place of one who has fallen a victim to the climate or his own incessant labors."

His offer was accepted by the Missionary Committee, and he took his departure to Africa, defraying his own expenses. He soon entered upon his labors among the Europeans, and went from kraal to kraal among the natives. His encounter with lions has already been mentioned. Once he was lost in the bush and spent a miserable night up a tree to escape the wild beasts; his only food was an orange and a few apples, and he was literally drenched with rain. Often he had to ford rivers at the risk of his life, and repeatedly he was in danger by starvation. Yet, in writing home to his friends, who were living in luxury, he says:

"I cannot tell how near I feel to God and heaven; and yet I do not wish to die, but rather to live until others, better qualified than myself, and with fewer infirmities, arrive as Christian missionaries to enlighten the dark minds of the heathen by whom I am surrounded. Here are tens of thousands who never heard of a Saviour. My very soul yearns for them. Had I but the language of the people I would fly as on the wings of the wind from village to village and from kingdom to kingdom, and consider myself

'Happy, if with my latest breath
I might but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death
Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

He went to Delagoa Bay to labor for the spiritual welfare of the people, but fever was raging, from which hundreds died. He lived in a hut alone, cooked his own food, washed his own linen, and did his utmost to benefit the people. He was visited with repeated attacks of dysentery, and was so reduced that he thought his end was near. He attempted to return to Cape Town for medical assistance, but the vessel in which he sailed was nearly wrecked by reason of the sickness of all on board, so that the vessel was at the mercy of the waves. Help reached "the floating coffin" in time to save the distressed crew and passengers. Mr. Threlfall sent the following note to the Mission-house in Cape Town:

"Dear Brethren and Sisters,—Here I am in the midst of death, and in dying circumstances, but happy in God, and going to glory. Farewell. Let us meet in heaven.—W. T."

The Rev. James Whitworth, and two native boys were soon on board the ship, and nursed the sick missionary for the thirty days the vessel was in quarantine. By God's blessing the plague was stayed and the missionary was again convalescent. The two native youths who had risked their lives to help the missionary, had been previously rescued from slavery

by Mr. Threlfall, and were being educated at his expense.' While the devoted man was prostrate he caused a letter to be written to his father, desiring that the portion of property which belonged to him should, in the event of his death, be applied to the

A WOMAN OF UGUHA.
CENTRAL AFRICA.

education of the two native boys already mentioned, and the balance to the Missionary Society. His wishes were faithfully complied with by his pious father.

Mr. Threlfall recovered and went on a journey to Great Namacqualand, accompanied by two native teachers; but, alas! in four months they were all cruelly murdered by a blood-thirsty savage who belonged to a tribe that lived by plunder. The friendly tribes in the vicinity were greatly incensed by this act of cruelty, and Africaner, who had become a Christian, and others, pursued the murderer and took him a prisoner, and delivered him to the British authorities, who ordered him to be shot for his cruel deed.

There was one affecting incident in connection with the capture of the murderer which is worthy of record, as it shows the power of divine grace in subduing the hearts of those who have been born in pagan darkness. As the murderer was being conveyed through the mission village several persons came to see the man who had so recently killed their friends, but not to take vengeance on him, but to exhort him to repentance. A sister of one of the murdered men, looking at him, said, "Although you have murdered my brother, nevertheless I am sorry for you, because you are indifferent to the salvation of your soul." The very spot where Threlfall fell is now radiant with Gospel light; there are several hundred Church mem-

bers, and the Gospel is preached in at least seven different dialects.

If space would permit, we could readily give the names of a galaxy of distinguished missionaries who have labored in connection with various missions in Africa. We mention a few: BISHOP GRAY belonged to the Church of England Missionary Society. When the writer was stationed at Stockton, England, this eminent man was vicar in that town. Though reputed a High Churchman, he was truly "a workman that needed not to be ashamed," and by his abundant labors he was an example to ministers of all denominations. His "going from house to house" and visiting schools was often a subject of remark among the ministers of the town. He was elevated to the position of "Metropolitan of South Africa," at the time when Bishop Colenzo, of Natal, had departed from the faith, the defection of whom occasioned the Metropolitan no small amount of anxiety. As bishop he was as much noted for his zealous labors as he formerly was when only a single parish claimed his oversight. He travelled thousands of miles and visited the smallest congregations, and sought to organise various bands of church workers, both male and female, into all of which he more or less infused his

own zealous spirit. In one respect he might be said to be "the founder of the Church of England in South Africa." In sixteen years the clergy increased from *thirteen* to *one hundred and thirty-two.* The Rev. Mr. Tucker says of him, that such a tale of work, wisely conceived and patiently accomplished, is indeed without parallel.

Bishop Mackenzie was a missionary for a short time in South Africa. He owed his elevation to a missionary bishopric mainly to the visit of Dr. Livingstone to the University of Cambridge the last time that distinguished man visited England. A mission on the Zambesi was undertaken by the University, which sent out a noble staff of laborers, clerical and lay, at the head of which was Bishop Mackenzie. The account of the sufferings endured by this heroic band as they were journeying to their destination is one of the most affecting on record. They were beset with discouragements at every stage, and were assailed by disease brought on by the dismal swamps through which they had to travel. The Bishop and three of the party died in about twelve months after the mission was inaugurated, so that he was a prelate for a shorter period than any who ever wore a mitre. The period of his labors was characterized by the most

excruciating suffering, but, from all we can learn, he endured those suerings with calm resignation. Those who survived were joined by other laborers from England, and the scene of the Zambesi Mission was removed to a more healthy location, now known as Victoria N'yanza.

No account of missions in Africa would be regarded as complete which did not contain the name of the Rev. ROBERT MOFFAT, D.D. He was a worthy son of Scotland—a country which Dr. Johnson said "was a good one from which to emigrate." In early life he left his native land and settled for a while at Warrington, in Lancashire, England, where he attended the Methodist ministry, and, on the recommendation of the late Rev. Dr. Beaumont, was appointed assistant class-leader. While yet a youth, he felt his heart drawn to the missionary enterprise, and through the influence of the Rev. William Roby, a distinguished Congregational minister in Manchester, he was accepted by the London Missionary Society to go to Polynesia, in company with the late Rev. John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, but instead of this he was sent to South Africa. From 1816 to 1870 his life and labors were there. Others have entered into his labors and passed on beyond, but he laid the foundation and

gave the inspiration. During this eventful half century scientific travellers and missionary workers have explored remote regions, but Moffat was first in the field. His chief work was among the Bechuanas. His was a work of civilization as well as of Christian teaching. The desert was made to blossom as the rose. He had spoken the Bechuana tongue for fifty years; he reduced it into writing and translated the Holy Scriptures into it. The earnestness of Moffat raised up new recruits at home. He called a Livingstone into life; and all that that indomitable traveller and explorer, who now lies justly honored in the "Pantheon of Protestantism," Westminster Abbey, accomplished for Africa and the world, was primarily due to his life-long friend and father-in-law, Robert Moffat. True character elicits the homage of the world. It is a significant fact that the *London Times*, the great thunderer of the press—a journal not always characterized by fair treatment of evangelical Christianity—pays the highest tribute to the worth of Robert Moffat in an elaborate and leading article. It is just, discriminating, and enthusiastically eulogistic. "It is the fashion in some quarters to scoff at missionaries. We owe it to them that South Africa has been opened up. Apart from their special service as

preachers, they have done important work as pioneers of civilization, as geographers, as contributors to philological research. Robert Moffat has died in the fulness of years and of honors. He laid the foundations of the Christian Church in South Africa. His name will be remembered while the South Africa Church endures, and his example will remain a stimulus to others and as an abiding proof of what a Christian missionary can be and do."

In May, 1881, the Lord Mayor of London gave a memorable entertainment in honor of this eminent laborer of Christ, the world's metropolitan city setting its seal officially upon acknowledged Christ-work. Church and State vied to do homage to this "king of men."

THE MISSIONARY BISHOP.

Rev. William Taylor in India.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MISSIONARY BISHOP.

THE design of the present paper is to record a few of the incidents which have occurred in the history of an extraordinary man, named WILLIAM TAYLOR, who became famous as a missionary in California, and afterwards as an evangelist in various parts of the world, and then, still more recently, the founder of self-supporting missions in South America; and now, as the climax of wonders, this cosmopolitan man was elected and ordained Missionary Bishop to Africa, in May last, by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

For several years the Rev. William Taylor was a puzzle to many people. None doubted his piety, nor did they for one moment suppose but that he regarded himself as directed by God, while he was pursuing what seemed to many to be an erratic course. For

more than a quarter of a century he has had no stated salary. From the time he came home from California he has supported himself and family by the sale of his books, some of which have had an almost fabulous sale. His design in publishing books, in the first instance, was to relieve himself from the financial difficulties in which he became involved by reason of church erections in California.

In order to sell his books, he travelled extensively, both in the Eastern States and Canada, where he attended camp-meetings in the summer and held revival services in the winter. During the five years he was thus engaged, he preached the gospel to tens of thousands, and sold such large quantities of his books that he paid off his liabilities, and was a free man. It was while he was thus engaged that the writer of this article made his acquaintance. He labored with us for a few days at a camp-meeting, and was always ready to preach, or to pray, or to sing. None could deny but that he was invariably in earnest, and was incessant in labor. It was a marvel to us how any man could endure the amount of toil which he now performed. In private he was as humble as a child, but never forgot that he was a disciple of Christ. His conversation was always seasoned with grace, and

he invariably left a savor behind him. The writer frankly confesses that he became so much attached to this devoted man, that ever afterwards he watched his career with the deepest interest. All our subsequent interviews—and they have been frequent—confirmed us in the opinion that we formed at the time of our first interview, that he was a man of deep piety, and sought to live always under the shadow of the Almighty. He preached entire sanctification, and was never afraid, at proper seasons, to avow himself not a servant, but a child, of God, who enjoyed full salvation. This, we believe, was the secret of his power.

During the time this extraordinary man was in California, he became acquainted with several miners from Australia, who, on their return home, entreated him to visit them in the Southern world. He resolved to do so, but, never having seen England, he went thither by way of that "little sea-girt isle." "As he went, he preached," and such was the demand for his services, that he was detained seven months in England and Ireland, preaching the Word of Life, and, as usual, many were added to the Lord.

Like most Americans, he is fond of travelling, and when he left England he spent some time on the continent of Europe, and rambled in Egypt, where he saw

the pyramids, and then explored Palestine, which he told the writer was the joy of his life. He visited the Holy City, went into the Garden of Gethsemane, and saw the place called Calvary. There were few places of interest in the country where the Saviour abode that he did not visit, and many a time afterwards he illustrated his discourses by quotations from his journal which he kept while travelling in the Holy Land.

At length he reached the Australian Colonies, where, for three years, he was almost ubiquitous, for he went everywhere preaching the Lord Jesus, and multitudes were saved. Next we find him in South Africa, where the results of his labors seemed to be more wonderful than at any former period of his life. Among the Kafirs he was especially successful, for in the course of one year some seven thousand were converted to God. This was the testimony of the missionaries who examined the converts before receiving them as members of the Church.

Next we find the hero of our story again in England and Scotland—chiefly in London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Then he was off to the West Indies, British Guiana, and South America; nowhere did he labor in vain. God put honor upon him by making him instrumental in the conversion of very many persons,

belonging to various nations. Again, he hears a voice calling him to Australia, to which he responds, and sees the arm of the Lord made bare. During this tour he also visited the island of Ceylon, and saw much to confirm him in the belief that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.

He next visited India, which was perhaps the hardest field in which he ever labored. After assisting the missionaries, who were laboring in the midst of great difficulties, he commenced in Bombay what he termed self-supporting missions. Poonah, Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, and other places in the Indian Empire were visited, and flourishing churches were established. What is now known as the South India Conference, with well-nigh one hundred ministers, is the result of those self-supporting missions. Not one of the missionaries employed in India by him ever received a cent toward their salaries from any fund. The people among whom they labor are expected to support them. Mr. Taylor may pay the expenses of the voyage from America, and friends may render assistance in the erection of churches and parsonages, but, in all other respects, the missions are self-supporting.

While Mr. Taylor was laboring with such remarkable success in India, some seat of learning honored

itself by honoring him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, but we are not aware that he has ever used the diploma. Whatever universities may do for him, he will always be known as the California street preacher, and the world-wide evangelist.

Dr. Taylor, if such we must now designate him, had long determined to do something for South America. Having made a tour through the country, he became satisfied that educational and evangelizing work might be carried on with great advantage. Accordingly, having made the needful arrangements, he began to look out for recruits, and now, at the time of writing this article, there are between forty and fifty preachers and teachers laboring in their respective departments with great acceptability and usefulness.

It is a peculiarity of Dr. Taylor, that he writes books and publishes to the world what has been accomplished in the places which he has visited. More especially is this remark true in regard to his "self-supporting missions," respecting which a great deal has been written, both commendatory and otherwise. There stands the fact, that more than one hundred missionaries have been sent to India and South America, not one of whom has ever cost any missionary society a dollar for salary, and but little for other expenses; for even

their outfits, and the expense of their voyage to the distant fields of labor, have been defrayed by private means. In addition to the missionaries in India, there are two thousand members, twenty-four women workers, seven ordained Anglo-Indians, twenty-eight local ordained preachers, and thirty-four Indian teachers. There are about seven hundred day scholars, and two thousand five hundred Sunday-school scholars. The church property is valued at one hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars, and the people, a year ago, raised nearly forty thousand dollars for self-support and benevolence. Dr. Taylor believes that as English and American people go to foreign countries and establish commercial houses, they should be visited by the heralds of the cross, and formed into societies, which should be the base of operations from which attacks could be made on the native population. This, he contends, is the Pauline method of evangelization. Not that he disapproves of missionary organizations, and the collecting of means for the furtherance of the Gospel by the agency which those organizations may employ, but he contends that this latter is too circuitous a route, and that the Pauline method, which he has adopted, is more direct, and will be more certain to accomplish the world's evangelization.

We presume that few persons had any idea that Dr. Taylor would have been elected Missionary Bishop at the late General Conference. He was no stranger to the Methodist people. The work in which he had been engaged for several years was well known. There had been much discussion both in official and private circles respecting it. Not a few had questioned the propriety of the means which he had adopted in the prosecution of his missionary work, but, as "nothing is so successful as success," judged by this rule, Dr. Taylor's missions, both in India and South America, must be pronounced to be monuments of his industry and zeal.

Africa has long been a mission field. All missionary societies have sent their agents thither, and how many have fallen with the scars of conflict upon them. How many lives have been sacrificed, none can tell until the day shall declare it. It is known, however, that in Western Africa alone, in the course of fifty years, sixty-three Wesleyan missionaries, and the wives of missionaries, have fallen a sacrifice to the climate in the various stations in that section of the continent.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, at an early period of its history, sent its agents to foreign fields. In 1832, the Rev.

Melville B. Cox was sent as the pioneer missionary to Liberia, in Africa. In about three months he sickened and died. Before he left his native land, he said to a friend: "I go to a land of sickness and death; but if I die, you must come and write my epitaph." It was asked: "What shall I write?" "Write," said the devoted missionary, "THOUGH A THOUSAND FALL, LET NOT AFRICA BE FORGOTTEN."

The bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have occasionally visited Africa. The late Bishop Gilbert Haven was the last to do so, and it was believed that that visit was the precursor of his death, as he never seemed to be well afterwards. There was formerly a colored bishop, who resided in Liberia, named Dr. Burns, but Bishop Taylor is the first white bishop whose field has been limited to Africa. Since his appointment, the various *Advocates*, and other religious journals, have been full of articles respecting him and his work. One writer says: "The Methodist Mission proper is confined to Liberia, but William Taylor has no idea of confining his labors and plans to that narrow strip of exogenous African life; but already is directing his eyes and steps up the Congo Valley to the very heart of the great Continent, and to some new tribes of which, he says, even Stanley is yet ignorant. While

we, of course, receive Mr. Taylor's geographical ideas with a sober deference to Mr. Stanley's longer experience, yet we admire his courage and boldness, and thoroughly believe in his aggressive methods, as well as his manly independence, and we believe the planting of his brave feet on the shores of the Congo will be felt over that Dark Continent among the Christian forces, which will be remembered when Africa is a regenerated land."

The locality here mentioned is situated between 2° and 5° south of the equator, and is a recently discovered highland district, containing many millions of people in the most advanced stages of native African civilization. The account of this most interesting section and peoples of Africa, Bishop Taylor stated, was just about to be given up to the world in a book now going through the press in New York. He says they are the most progressive people in Africa so far discovered, and yet up to this time not written about, neither Livingstone nor Stanley seeming to know even of their existence. Here are vast nations, of millions of people, who have never been invaded by the slave trader, Mahommedan, or the Christian. They were found to live on very high, healthy regions of country, having many of the mechanical arts and industries. They

are workers in brass, iron, and copper, and generally live in stone houses instead of the low thatched huts so universal in other parts of Africa. Many villages were found extending along one beautiful thoroughfare for several miles, and built entirely of stone, and having many developments of civilization. Here he will find the Yankee natives of Africa, as he believes from the accounts given him by American explorers. There he will have to construct a church, translate the Bible and establish truth centres, from which he believes the Gospel shall spread from village to village until the death-line of the coasts may be reached.

He believes in applying the principle of self-support to all the work there as in other parts of the world. From the bishop to the last teacher no one will accept a salary from the Missionary Society. He says, as a missionary bishop he has no claim upon the Episcopal Fund. His salary would come from the Missionary Society, but he will not consent to receive a single dollar from that fund for salary. He only asks the Church at home to assist him in his work by providing outfit and travelling expenses of his helpers, and in the building of churches and school-houses, but does not ask for and will not receive a single dime for salary. He says his base of supplies is in heaven, and he can draw

on that just as well in Africa as in America. What he calls the "Root hog or die" principle, which animated the heroic labors of the fathers, and enabled them to sacrifice and labor to plant the Church in America, is the correct principle still for all earnest men moved with a great purpose to convert the world. He wants twenty men at once for the work in Africa; men with faith in God and who can trust Him to take care of them even in Africa. He says he can't afford to wait on the slow methods of the old mission plans, but must fly on the aggressive system of self-support and free field and a fair fight, having faith in and dependence upon God.

He says he has already found one providentially-prepared man, who is ready to go with him as Barnabas went with Paul, "far hence unto the Gentiles." This man seemed to be specially prepared for this work. On a careful examination of the man's history he was found to be a converted spiritualist and atheist, a scholar and lecturer of marked ability. After his conversion he lectured in London and other cities in England from one hundred to one hundred and thirty nights in succession, to great audiences, as he unraveled and exposed the delusions of modern spiritualism. He sought higher education in Princeton, I believe, and is

now prepared for the work in Africa. Being a linguist and traveller, he has given special attention for several years to Africa and her people, and has expressed his great desire to accompany Bishop Taylor on his first trip under the clouds lying over the continent of Africa. He is glad to go on the self-supporting plan. His name is Richard W. Somers.

Another helper has offered himself, a young colored man, about thirty-two years of age, educated, and strong in body, mind, and faith, who has spent three years in Africa in a self-supporting mission work among the Bassar tribe, just back of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Liberia. He was born in South Australia, of African parentage, and felt called of God to go to his own people in Africa. He established a church, and erected a building which was used for worship and school purposes, until the tribe among whom he was laboring became involved in war with a much stronger tribe. The tribe which he calls his was overcome and all taken into captivity or put to death, and he fled for his life. His native tongue is English, but he speaks fluently three other languages of Africa, and is very anxious to accompany Bishop Taylor, without promise of salary, or any support other than he believes God will give him in the field.

Since Bishop Taylor's appointment to Africa he has visited several places in the United States, where he has held meetings and urged the people to subscribe to the Transit Fund, which he intends to use in defraying the expenses of travel to Africa and the erection of humble mission premises, but intends to ask for no salary either for himself or his friends.

Among other places which he visited was Boston, where he received a most enthusiastic reception. The speech which he delivered was characteristic of the man, and produced considerable commotion. Several gentlemen agreed to place five hundred dollars each in the hands of Bishop Taylor, to pay the expense of putting a missionary helper to the bishop in his new field, containing, as he says, "uncounted millions" of people.

Bishop Taylor addressed his Boston friends for about an hour and a half, during which he explained his plans at great length. He is quite original, and without any formality goes right to work. A correspondent writes of the ovation thus:—

Bishop Taylor expressed his surprise at the providential arrangement that had made him a bishop, saying that his present relation to the Church was so much better than it could be if he had simply been

elected like any of the others chosen at the last General Conference. In his case he was planted in a large field, with plenty of room for one man to spread himself, and given a charge from which all other bishops were shut off, while he could yet give his attention, as circumstances might require, to his self-supporting work in South America and India. He would not be confined to any six months' assignment of labor, but for four years, at least, was turned loose in an entire continent with unknown millions to be looked after. Some have feared he would simply be another victim sacrificed on the altar of Africa. But he said: "I do not go to Africa to die. I go to Africa to live, and do what I can to plant a great Church there. I do not go to Liberia, but plunge at once into the heart of the waiting millions of Africa's teeming populations. I don't care to die, I don't care not to, but I don't expect to; when God gets through with me I shall die, and be much obliged to Him for the privilege; but I don't fret about that. I want your prayers, your sympathies—not any soft sympathies, but good hearty sympathy of love and prayer, with a money basis which will send us two hundred men and build us hundreds of churches and school-houses, and a belief in God and our work that Methodism may sweep the Dark Continent."

By the time this volume is in the hands of our readers, the Missionary Bishop will have reached his diocese, and we hope that our readers will join us in praying that his life may be preserved, and that tens of thousands of Africans may, through his instrumentality, be brought into the liberty of God's dear children, and thus be prepared for the business and pleasures of heaven.

"Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee,
And Ethiopia's stranger
His glory come and see;
With anthems of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
And pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.
For He shall have dominion
Over river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing shall soar."

A WONDERFUL MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER VII.

A WONDERFUL MISSIONARY.

THE CAREER OF SAMUEL MATHABATHE.

THIS extraordinary man resides in South Africa, and his career is a confirmation of the aphorism, that "truth is stranger than fiction." Some sixteen or seventeen years ago he went to Natal, seeking employment. There he met the Rev. Mr. Allison, Wesleyan missionary, who took pity on him, and introduced him to the mission-schools, and instructed him in the way of salvation. In due time he was converted, and soon manifested an earnest desire to be useful to others, who were ignorant of the truth as it is in Jesus. He therefore went home, accompanied by a young man like minded with himself, to "tell his friends what great things the Lord had done for him." To do this, he had to travel on foot more than seven hundred miles, that he might reach his people.

He met with a difficulty at home which he had not anticipated. Chief Pahlala, to whom he introduced himself and asked to preach Jesus, asked, "Who is this Jesus? I never heard of Him before. He is a new chief, whom you say is to come to all the tribes. I don't want him; I am chief in this country, and I won't have another chief spoken of to my people. If you hold meetings to talk about this new chief, you will have to leave the tribe, or I shall put you to death."

Samuel was now in great distress, and did not know what to do. But he was resolute about doing his Master's business. He felt "the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost which was given unto him." He felt as it were a fire in his bones, compelling him to strive to make the people understand something about the wonderful religion which he had experienced; hence, for about four years, he went from house to house reading the Holy Bible and praying with the people. His labors were greatly blessed, and not a few experienced in their own souls the joys of God's salvation. All this time, Samuel had none but God to teach him. There was no missionary near him, but he was taught of God, and those whom God teaches are guided into all truth. It was so with

this extraordinary man, who was the servant of God, making known the light of the Gospel in the midst of surrounding darkness.

The chief who forbade Samuel preaching died, and his chief wife, a sister of Secceoem, the king of the country, reigned in his stead. In due time Samuel begged permission of this distinguished lady to be allowed to hold public services and establish a school. He obtained the desire of his heart, for now he established regular services and opened a school, so that the station became an oasis in the desert. The building which was erected was capable of holding six hundred persons, and it was always full at the regular services. Churches were also built at some other places, and this good man sought to enlist others in the good work in which he was engaged. Two young men who seemed to possess what he thought were good natural abilities, were sent to a distant Mission Training Institution, where they enjoyed two years' study. In due time they returned home, walking the whole distance, more than seven hundred miles, and entered heartily into the work for which they had been preparing. The success of the mission continued, and became, if possible, greater, and was more widely extended.

The good man, however, was not without his troubles. The devil stirred up some of the baser sort to oppose him, and an attempt was made to drive him away from the tribe, and so stop the progress of the Gospel; they even burnt his church down. But this turned out rather to the furtherance of the Gospel, for many more of the heathen joined him, and soon another church was built.

Another and more severe trial befell this good man and his people, from which our readers will see the persecutions which native Christians have to endure. The scene is depicted by the Rev. Owen Watkins, to whose graphic letter we are indebted for most of what we have now written respecting Samuel Mathabathe.

"The wife of one of the Christian natives gave birth to twins. Now, there is an old heathen custom in the tribe that if twins are born, one infant must be given up to be *killed*, and its body placed on the banks of the river to be washed away, in order that the spirits may be pleased, and that rain may be given to the land.

"A message came from the chieftainess to Samuel that one child must be given up in order that they might perform heathen rites upon it. Samuel's

answer was sublime: 'God gave the life; it is man's duty to preserve it. I will not give up the child.'

"Then came other messages, and even some friends tried to persuade him to yield. But he stood firm. In the midst of all this one of the twins died. Samuel had it buried just behind the church. But the belief of the heathen was and is, that if the poor little body rested in the country of the tribe, no rain would fall, and their crops would fail. So now a demand was made to deliver up the body, that it might be placed on the banks of the river and washed away, and so carry the peril from the tribe. Samuel told them their belief was an insult to God, and that therefore he could not comply with the order.

"Thereupon an *impë* (army) was sent down. They ordered the body to be taken up, but allowed the poor father to have it on condition that it was at once taken out of the country. Samuel and the father at once started off with the poor body, and brought it to the farm 'Good Hope,' forty miles away, where some Christians, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Hofmeyer, of the Dutch Reformed Church, were living. Here they buried the body in peace, 'in sure and certain hope' of a glorious resurrection.

"In Samuel's absence tragic events were transpiring

at the mission station. By order of the chieftainess the church was destroyed by fire. Then all the Christian men were ordered to come out of their huts. They were severely beaten with sticks, and ordered to leave the country of the tribe at once. They were allowed to take their families with them, but nearly all their property and stores of food were taken from them.

"*Two hundred souls went forth into exile for Christ's sake!* Samuel returned just as they were being driven forth. He conducted them to the farm 'Good Hope,' before mentioned, and arranged for a portion of them, with himself and family, to remain there on payment of two dollars and fifty cents per annum.

"Another portion of them, under the guidance of Johannes (Samuel's companion in Natal), went fifty miles farther north, and obtained a place of refuge on a Boer's farm."

Some of our readers may have wondered why this good man was permitted to labor so long without being even visited by a missionary. The Rev. Mr. Allison, who was his spiritual father, had promised to visit him, but that good man died, and other missionaries who were still farther away were so fully

occupied that they could not undertake such a long journey, which involved protracted absence from their people. When Mr. Watkins visited Samuel and his people, the journey occupied twenty-one days, and involved some hardships and sundry perils. Eleven nights Mr. W. and companions slept in the open air, twice the conveyance was upset, and three times the horses strayed away, causing delay and discomfort. So that it will be seen that to travel in Africa is quite a different thing from travelling in Canada, where we have so many conveniences and even luxuries.

In course of time, Samuel, the pioneer missionary, visited Pratoria, where the Rev. Mr. Watkins resided. Mr. Watkins described the visit, in his own unique style, at the great missionary meeting in Exeter Hall, London, in May last, to the great amusement and delight of the vast audience that heard his thrilling speech. "Samuel Mathabathe," he said, "is a little man about five feet in height, with only one eye, but that one eye is so wonderfully sharp and quick that he would see as much as most men would do with two."

The good man told the missionary what he had been doing for nine years, and how God had graciously blessed his labors in the conversion of many souls. He had formed them into classes, and collected class-

pence, as he had seen done in Natal, and he besought Mr. Watkins to go and visit him and see his work, and take it under the care of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Of course Mr. Watkins consented to visit him, and in due time he went, as we have previously stated. Mr. Watkins found that the good man had been importuned to join some other Christian community, but he refused every overture, assigning as his reason that he was a Wesleyan Methodist and could not be anything else.

During the long, weary years that he had labored alone, without any help but such as he could secure from his own people, he never wavered, but always believed that his own missionaries would come to him sometime, and when Mr. Watkins did so, the joy of the people was unbounded. They saw him afar off, and prepared to give him a right royal welcome. The village in which Samuel resides, and which was built mainly under his superintendence, stands on a hill, and when Mr. Watkins and his fellow-travellers beheld them, they set up a cry, "It is, it is the missionary, *our own* missionary, *come at last!*" There was great commotion. Even guns were fired off by way of salute. The people insisted that the missionary should shake hands with them all; and, as the number

included men, women, and children amounting to several hundreds, the labor performed in connection with the shaking hand affair was somewhat formidable; however, the missionary survived the calamity, though he would have been exceedingly glad if he could have secured some friendly Aaron and Hur, to stand on each side of him to bear up his hands, for they were more than weary when he got through the ordeal.

Mr. Watkins visited the various stations which Samuel and his noble coadjutors had established in the northern portion of the Transvaal country, and rejoiced exceedingly at what he saw. He was like Barnabas, of whom we read in the eleventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, "when he came to Antioch and saw the grace of God, he was glad, and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."

Samuel Mathabathe has thus been a grand pioneer missionary, who has thus prepared the way of the Lord. The result of his labors fills us with astonishment, and reminds us how that God uses whatever instruments He thinks proper to accomplish His purposes of mercy.

The Rev. Owen Watkins, above mentioned, is now in England, and he is begging of the Methodist people to

grant him fifty thousand dollars for a Training Institution in the Transvaal, and ten men, to enable him to penetrate into Central Africa, which he declares to be open for the missionaries of the cross. We believe he will get the money. At one meeting which he attended he made such an earnest appeal that in a few minutes $6,625 was promised. The men will also be forthcoming when wanted. There is a College at Richmond, near London, where young men are educated for the missionary work, and whenever men are wanted for any part of the mission-field, the Missionary Secretaries send an appeal to the missionary students, and in a little time answers are received, and the heroic young men bid adieu to home and all its pleasant associations, and embark, it may be, to labor in some of the sickliest climates of the world. Many of them die soon after commencing their work, but others are always ready to grasp the sword of the dying heroes.

"So shall the bright succession run
Through the long courses of the sun;
While unborn Churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair."

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